

The Sketch



No. 523.—Vol. XLI.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1903

SIXPENCE.



MISS CONSTANCE DREVER AS "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON," AT THE SAVOY.

MISS DREVER TOOK UP THIS PART AT TWO DAYS' NOTICE—OWING TO THE ILLNESS OF MISS AGNES FRASER—AND SCORED A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



LORD KITCHENER, once looked upon as the sternest man in the Empire, is rapidly working up a reputation for geniality. Everybody remembers the Kitchener smile, secured by an enterprising snapshotter at Portsmouth and reproduced in the pages of *The Sketch*. Now, the *Indian Daily News* has been describing the antics of the great soldier at the Durbar State Ball. It seems, according to this journal, that Lord Kitchener took part in the State Lancers. "His knowledge of the figures, however, was of the vaguest kind, and all he succeeded in doing was to tie himself and his partner in the most absurd knot, to the intense amusement of the large crowd looking on. When the music ceased, he was in the middle of the room, looking for his partner, and laughed heartily when she came up and found him." From the mere civilian point of view, one would have thought that the Lancers should have presented no difficulties to so skilful a tactician. De Wet, for example, would never have lost his way in the Grand Chain; even had he done so, he would have been more likely to take cover behind the nearest curtain than to wander into the middle of the room. Lord Kitchener must certainly take a few lessons in dancing before he goes out to another party. There must be thousands of accomplished people who would give their eyes to teach him to waltz.

Mr. James Blyth, who has constituted himself an authority on village morality, seems to have been singularly unfortunate in his experiences of rural life. Writing in the *Daily Mail* of Thursday last, he says: "Little children, both boys and girls, are from their earliest years steeped in this noisome sewage—their baby tongues lisp such converse as would be shameful for the most abandoned profligate." This is the kind of nonsense that the *Daily Mail*, with admirable humour, labels "A Grave Indictment." The article, of course, has been followed by the usual number of letters from indignant East Anglians, who call on heaven to witness that Mr. Blyth is telling naughty stories. The bulk of the inhabitants of those parts, however, have probably laughed at Mr. Blyth a little, wondered at the *Daily Mail* a little, and forgotten all about the matter. At the same time, it will probably be advisable for Mr. Blyth to beware how he walks abroad in East Anglia after sunset. A certain amount of resentment will possibly smoulder in the breasts of some East Anglians who do not happen to possess sufficient sense of humour to treat this article as it deserves to be treated. It is even possible that some of those precocious babies carry revolvers beneath their little pinafores.

The *Daily News*, the other day, had something to say on the question of the publication or suppression of news involving the details of crime. "In some form or other," says this paper, "the question presents itself from time to time to every responsible journalist, and is settled on its merits." That is all very well, but the difficulty comes when the question presents itself to some irresponsible journalist, who does not consider the merits of the case at all but panders to the least-educated of his readers. In dealing with such a matter, for example, as the Colney Hatch disaster, many of the newspapers have shown the worst possible taste; horror has been added to horror, no detail has been too revolting to find its way into print. One enterprising sheet interviewed a Fire Brigade Inspector, who is reported to have described the scene in these words: "When the building collapsed and we pulled the red-hot corrugated iron off, there was nothing to see but twisted iron bedsteads, and on them

small heaps of calcined bones—the patients who had died in their beds." Nothing will convince me that the average newspaper-reader requires that sort of stuff with his morning coffee. As for an Inspector who can talk so picturesquely, he is wasting his talents in the Fire Brigade. He ought to be writing attractive pamphlets for "Buffalo Bill."

In company with several genial friends, I paid a second visit, a few evenings ago, to "The Country Girl" at Daly's. We were a little disappointed to find both Miss Evie Greene and Miss Maggie May out of the bill, but the show went exceedingly well and the audience seemed highly delighted with the antics of Mr. Huntley Wright. For me, however, the chief joy of the evening lay in the performance of Rutland Barrington, perhaps the most finished artist at present playing in musical comedy. His methods have not changed a whit since the days when he was appearing in Gilbert-and-Sullivan operas at the Savoy; he is the same personality, full of dignified humour and gentle sarcasm. His part, if anything, seems to be rather smaller now than when "The Country Girl" was first produced in London; I suppose that is the inevitable result of employing quiet methods in a musical comedy. However, there is still the "Peace" song with its topical verses, and Mr. Barrington's admirers make the most of it. Fred Kaye is another member of the Daly's Company whose part might be much larger with advantage to the piece; at present, he is little more than a shadow. Mr. Hayden Coffin, I hasten to add, is well to the fore and looks as picturesque as ever.

Miss "Guinevere," the charming young lady who contributes a column to the *Referee* for the special edification of "Eve's Daughters," writes thus in the issue of that paper for last Sunday: "Parisian Society is up in arms against the semi-barbaric dance which is known as the cake-walk." Very well. The Paris Correspondent for the same paper, commenting in the same number on the production of "Florodora" in Paris, gives his readers this piece of information: "The cake-walk was applauded until the dancers were tired." Far be it from me to doubt the word of dear Miss "Guinevere," but I am bound to point out that "Galahad" has the advantage of being on the spot. As to his reliability as a Correspondent, can I say more than that he also happens to be the talker of Parisian Small Talk in *The Sketch*?

The Playgoers' Club, when they do a thing, do it very well. Nothing could be more perfectly ordered than their arrangements for taking a certain number of poor children each year to the pantomime. But their philanthropy has not stopped there; they were anxious to hit upon some charitable scheme more intimately associated with the stage itself. Anybody, they reflected, can wine and dine the heads of the theatrical profession; would it not be a better thing to entertain the humblest and poorest members of that craft? The outcome of this feeling was a Christmas Tea-Party held on Sunday afternoon last at the London Hippodrome. In this magnificent house—generously placed at the disposal of the Playgoers by Mr. H. E. Moss—the Club had the pleasure of receiving upwards of three hundred and twenty children all of whom are now engaged in London pantomimes. The programme began with tea and ended with a distribution of presents, the remainder of the time being occupied by conjurers, jugglers, marionettes, the Biograph, and the Mayfair Amateur Orchestra. Bonbons were distributed by a crowd of beautiful actresses, and the whole affair was as triumphant a success as the most anxious member of the Committee could have desired.



THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR PANTOMIME CHILDREN (SUNDAY, FEB. 1).
THE SCENE IN THE LONDON HIPPODROME SKETCHED BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(See "Molloy Notes.")

THE CLUBMAN.

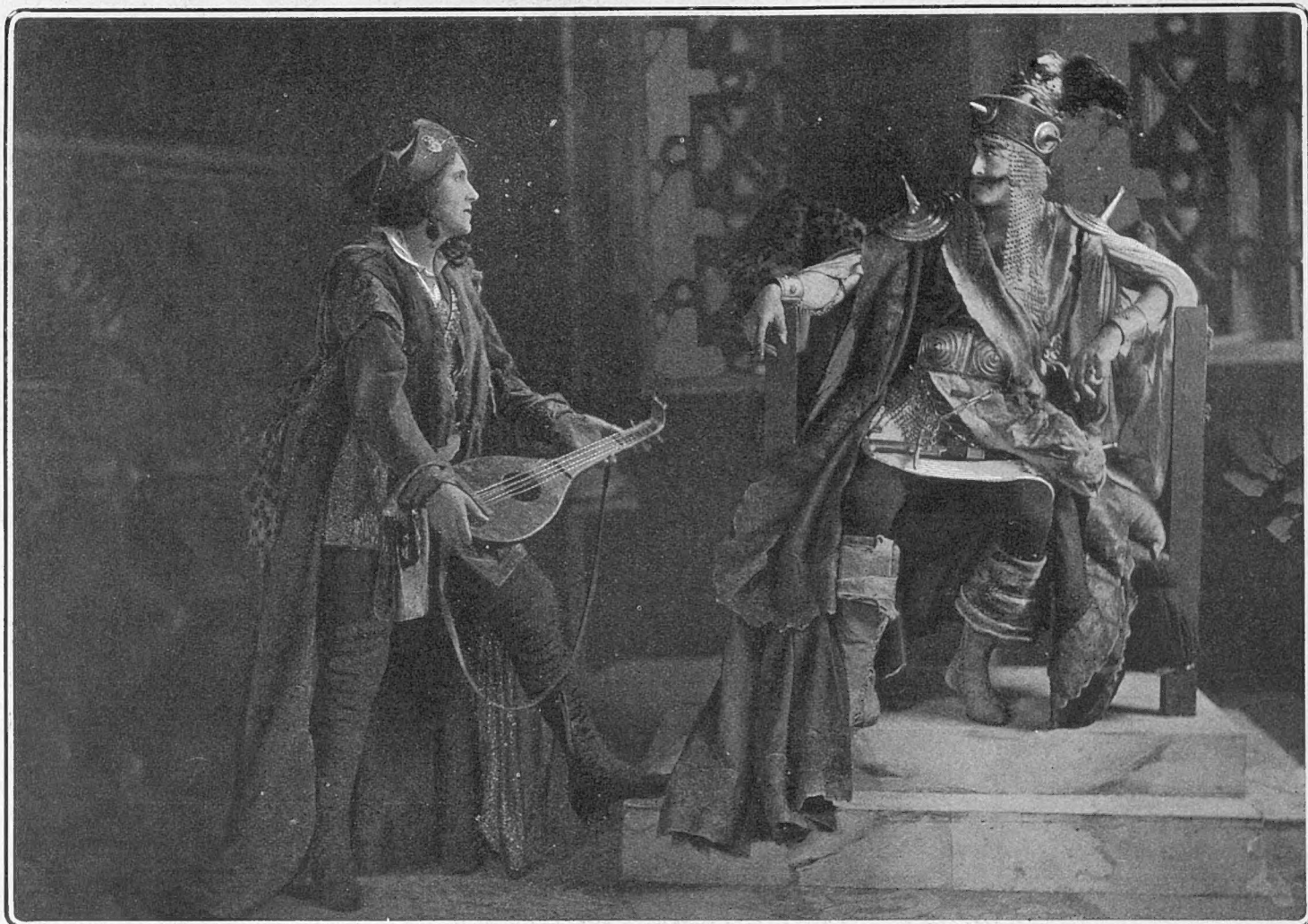
Two Riviera Clubs—The Aliwal Dinner—Lord Cromer in the Soudan—An Honoured Ship.

WE seem to have fallen upon a period of horrors—burning asylums, railway smashes, and bombardments—and even Mont Pelée cannot permit a shipload of trippers to land on its island without blowing off a cone and sending a stream of lava into the sea and nearly frightening the excursionists out of their lives. Fogs and rain and mud and the long processions of unemployed through our streets in London do little to keep up our spirits in the Metropolis, and nine out of every ten Clubmen feel an irresistible impulse to turn into one of Cook's offices whenever they pass and buy a return ticket for the Sunny South.

One's longing to be in the land of sunshine and violets is intensified by the scraps of gossip concerning the Clubs of the Riviera which float over to London. Cannes, for instance, this year is made happy in the possession of a very delightful new Club, the Cercle de l'Union, which is the town house of the Napoule Golf Club, and therefore a

The Aliwal Dinner of the 16th Lancers is one of the most interesting regimental gatherings I know of. The present and past officers of the regiment and the present and past senior non-commissioned officers meet at the dinner-table, the guests of the evening being the men still alive who rode in the ranks of the regiment in the famous charge at Aliwal where the "Red Lancers" did so splendidly. This year only two of the old soldiers were able to be present, one being over eighty and the other over ninety years old; both these veterans had fought in '43 as well as in '46, which takes us very far back into history.

Lord Cromer's speech at Khartoum comes at a suitable time to remind us that we have a strong man in North Africa as well as one in South Africa, and he also displayed a sense of humour which was hardly to be expected from the grim despot who keeps in order the most slippery nation in the world. His description of the principal products of the Soudan as being sand, crocodiles, and hippopotami was neat. I purposed going this winter on a trip to Egypt and journeying as far up the Nile as Khartoum; but men who had recently been there strongly dissuaded me, saying that now there was nothing at all to be seen there which one could not find in duplicate in and about London.



MISS JULIA NEILSON (VLADIMIR) AND MR. FRED TERRY (TIVADAR) IN "FOR SWORD OR SONG," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

VLADIMIR: *This lute?*

TIVADAR: *Lute, ye gods! The tinkle of a gut to fill old ears that trumpets could not satisfy.*

stronghold of the Anglo-Saxon community. The villa in which the Club is established is an annexe of the Grand Hotel, and was built, I believe, with the idea that our present King would stay there if he paid a visit to Cannes. It is certain that the King, if he does visit the Riviera this year, will live on his great yacht, and the villa, being thus not needed to house a Royal guest, has been hired by the Club and made most comfortable. The new Club has bedrooms, and some of the winter sojourners at Cannes, amongst them Captain Marshall the dramatist, have taken up their abode there.

Nice also boasts a new Club this year, and is following the example of Cannes in establishing good golf-links on the outskirts of the city. Where the River Loup runs down into the sea, there is a barren, desolate space between the railway and the sandy shore, near the sleepy, crumbling little town of Cagnes, and here the golf enthusiasts of Nice, with Prince George of Leuchtenberg as their figure-head, have made some links. This is no easy matter on the Riviera, where the heat of the summer sweeps away all grass and leaves the land as bare as a billiard-ball, and there are only two alternatives: one is to re-plant every year, as is done at Napoule, and the other to irrigate, as is done in California. The Nice Club is going to try the irrigation scheme.

A reach of the lower Thames is very much like the Nile at the junction of the two rivers; the banks are lined by neat red-brick villas, such as are to be seen near Boulter's Lock, and lamps burn brightly on miniature Victoria Embankments. There is a hotel, with a *table d'hôte* dinner, at which the tourist gentlemen wear dinner-jackets and the ladies appear in beautiful gowns, and it is all just as unlike as possible what one would expect the capital of the savage Soudan to be.

The Kaiser has decorated the gunboat *Illis* with the Order of Merit for services done in Chinese waters. This is a new and really excellent innovation. When a regiment especially distinguishes itself, it is given some special distinction to bear on its Colours—the name of the country, and often a Sphinx, or a dragon, or some other crest. Some regiments have the Royal Cypher within a Garter; but when a ship has taken part in glorious deeds, there is nothing but the name to remind future crews of what the heroes who have sailed in the ship before them have done. The *Terrible*, for instance, might well be allowed to carry some special "honour" on her ensign, and, if ever a ship deserved a "V.C.," the *Calliope* did when she fought her way out of Apia Harbour against a hurricane. One cannot refrain from wondering whether the Kaiser will decorate also his good ship *Panther*.



MISS MADGE GIRDLESTONE AS THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN "DICK WHITTINGTON,"

AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

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THE LATE HERR MEYER LUTZ.

THE news of the death of Herr Meyer Lutz last Saturday morning was received with unfeigned regret in musical and theatrical circles. Born in Germany in 1830, he came to England at the age of sixteen. Two years later he was appointed organist of St. Chad's, Birmingham, but soon after came to London to take up the post of Musical Director of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. George's, a post he held for forty years. His association with London theatres began at the Surrey, but his name will always be remembered in connection with the old Gaiety, where, in the days of Edward Terry, Royce, Nellie Farren, and Kate Vaughan, his entry into the orchestra was always greeted with a round of applause. Meyer Lutz was a composer also of no mean attainments, and his death so soon after his retirement removes not only a notable figure in the musical world, but a genial and large-hearted man who had made hosts of friends.

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GOSBOR

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have both long been favourites at Court, and the fact that the Queen has accompanied the King to Chatsworth is a great proof of Her Majesty's regard for her host and hostess, for it is an open secret that, even as Princess of Wales, the Queen was never much attracted by that essentially British institution, the country-house visit. Indeed, just thirty years have gone by since she was last at Chatsworth.

Of the stately homes of England no great nobleman's seat has been more often described than has the Duke of Devonshire's wonderful country palace. In these days the most interesting feature at Chatsworth is undoubtedly the wonderful gardens, which include eighty acres of lawns. To the Queen, who is so enthusiastic a horticulturist, this feature of the beautiful place where their Majesties are now spending the inside of a week must appeal in a special sense, as must the unique conservatory, which is said to cover close on an acre of ground and through which runs a carriage-road.

Another Royal George.

It is right and fitting that one of His Majesty's grandsons should be known to all and sundry as "Prince George." This name has long been, for reasons which are obvious, a favourite English name; in fact, in the Middle Ages the yeoman went into battle with the cry "St. George and Merry England!" It is said that the baby Prince, who was christened last week in the private chapel of Windsor Castle, received among his other names that of Edmund because he was born in East Anglia.

The King on the Continent.

The French papers have been most persistent in their reports that the King will spend some time on the Riviera this spring, but they have drawn on their imagination for their facts, for no arrangements whatever have been made for such a visit. The King will, however, go to Homburg towards the middle of July to drink the waters, as he has been in the habit of doing for some years past. The German Emperor will also go to Homburg this year, but it is unlikely that the two Sovereigns will meet, as at present the Emperor has arranged to visit the town for a few days only early in June.

Lady Angela Forbes.

In these days, groups of beautiful sisters are a distinguishing trait of Society. Of these groups none can compare, either as regards brains or beauty, with that which may be said to be headed by the Countess of Warwick and terminated by Lady Angela Forbes. Lady Angela is thought by some people to be the most original of Blanche Lady Rosslyn's lovely daughters, and as they include, in addition to Lady Warwick, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, this must be considered no mean compliment. At one time it was currently reported, though erroneously, that Lady Angela had inspired, if she had not actually written,

"The Visits of Elizabeth." This was, perhaps, owing to the fact that as a girl she was one of the most popular of country-house guests, and also that she had many French friends. Lady Angela Forbes is an enthusiastic horsewoman and she spends the winter months in the best hunting counties. She has two little daughters, of whom the elder rejoices in the quaint, pretty name of Marigold.

Two Notable New Engagements.

Much interest attaches to the two latest engagements, the more so that in each case the bride-elect are widowed Peeresses. Frances, Lady De L'Isle, is to marry Sir George Stirling, most popular of Clubmen and social celebrities; and Lady Howard de Walden, the youthful-looking mother of the young millionaire Peer, will shortly become Lady Ludlow. Lord Ludlow is the son of the famous Judge Lopes, and a distinguished barrister as well as an enthusiastic sportsman. The engagement of Lady Howard de Walden has long been rumoured, and innumerable friends in every path of life will wish her good luck, for she is one of the most kind-hearted and generous of women, and she has long been, in a very practical sense, one of the most indefatigable helpers of that admirable league, the Children's Happy Evenings Association. Lord Ludlow's gain will



LADY ANGELA FORBES.

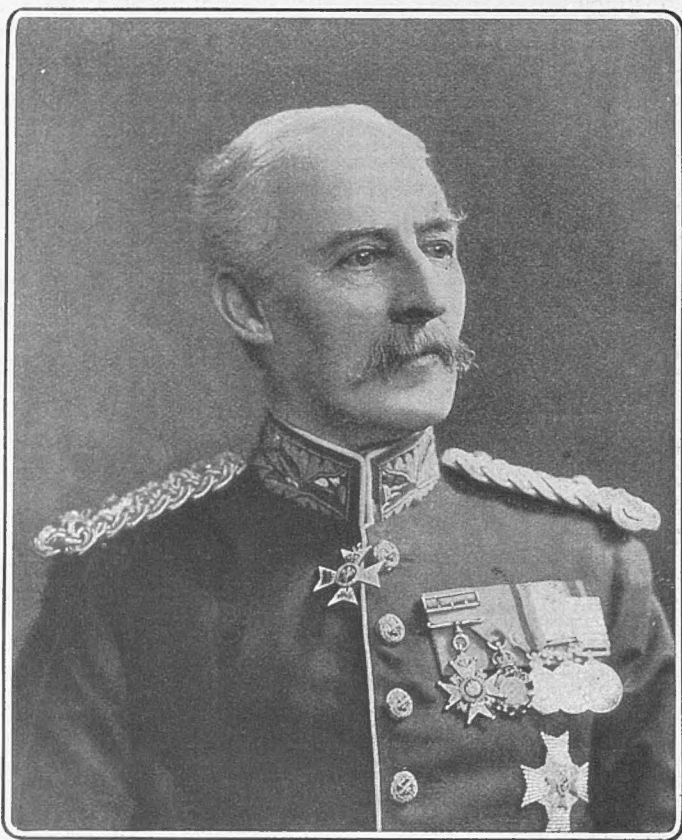
Photograph by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.

be Lord Howard de Walden's loss, for, since he succeeded to the title, his mother has acted as hostess of his splendid London house.

Montenegrin Diplomats.

Twenty years ago the Prince of Montenegro was little more than the chief of a half-savage tribe of mountaineers, but since that time he has been doing his utmost to gratify his ambition to enter the circle of European Sovereigns. The marriages which he managed to arrange for his children greatly strengthened his position, but, so far, he had not been represented diplomatically at any Court except those of Constantinople and Belgrade. Now, however, permanent Legations are going to be established in Rome, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, though not in London, Paris, and Berlin, where Montenegrin interests can hardly be said to exist. The first Montenegrin Minister to the Italian Court will be Count Romagnoli, who, after all, is not, strictly speaking, a Montenegrin, as he belongs to one of the ancient noble families of the now extinct Republic of Ragusa.

A Gallant Viscount. Lord Downe is one of the most brilliant of the many Peer-soldiers of the present day. He succeeded his father, the seventh Viscount, when he was thirteen, and, after having left Oxford, entered the 2nd Life Guards. He first saw active service during the Zulu War, and then, exactly twenty years later, went out to South Africa, where he greatly distinguished himself,



VISCOUNT DOWNE, WHO CONVEYS THE ORDER OF THE GARTER TO THE SHAH.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

being twice mentioned in despatches. Lord Downe is one of the pleasantest and most genial of men. He is noted for his tact, a valuable trait in the character of one who has to command. His interest in racing is shown by his close connection with the Jockey Club, of which famous institution he is one of the most valued Stewards, and he is a shining light of the Turf Club.

An Admirer of Maxime Gorki.

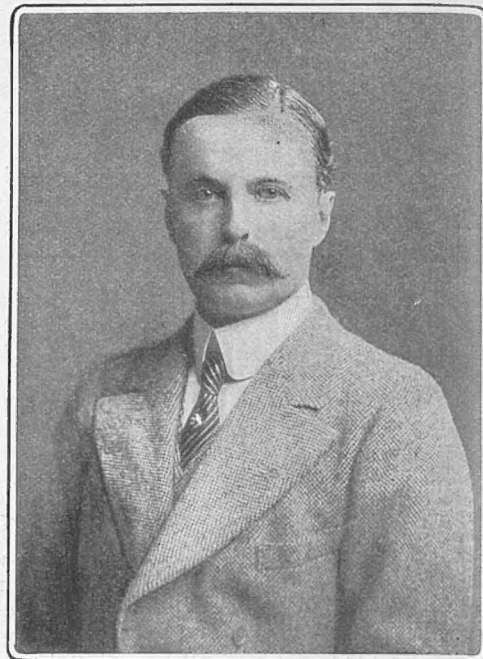
There is a quiet citizen of Moscow who greatly resembles the famous Russian novelist, Maxime Gorki. A short time ago, he was taking a walk in Moscow with his wife, when an ecstatic young lady rushed up to him, threw her arms round his neck, and exclaimed, "Great Maxime Gorki, let me kiss the author of that touching drama, 'The Night Refuge'!" She did not wait for permission, but kissed her hero's double then and there. The stranger's wife was so enraged at this assault on her husband that she fell upon the Gorki-worshipper with her umbrella, and a battle-royal took place. The gentleman tried to interfere, with the result that he came in for the blows of both ladies, and it was some time before the combatants could be separated and the wife pacified.

"Les Cloches de Corneville."

M. Robert Planquette, the composer of the famous comic opera, "Les Cloches de Corneville," died last week. He was the composer of many other works, but the "Cloches" was the one by which he was known in England. Strangely enough, the little village which the opera made so celebrated never had a peal of bells in the old days, and it

was not until quite recently that the inhabitants determined to put up some bells, chiefly to satisfy the many people who make a pilgrimage to see the scene of the miser's tragedy. The village priest was most active in the matter, and the bells were put up by public subscription only a year or two ago, but before very long they will doubtless be generally accepted as the original bells round which the opera was written.

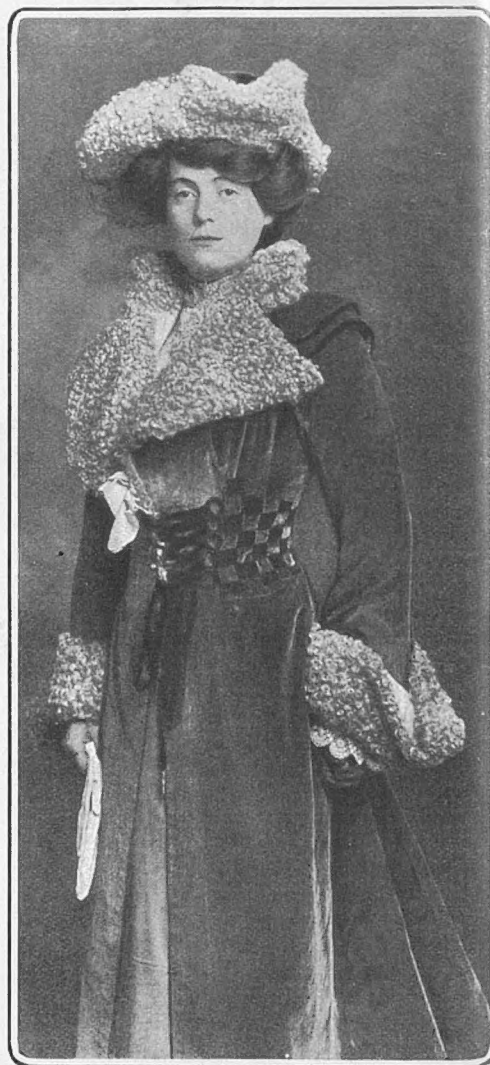
Lord Howe, who, accompanied by Lady Howe, is included among the brilliant house-party gathered together to meet the King and Queen at Chatsworth, is one of the most versatile and accomplished of modern Peers. Many elder sons are content to lead what someone wittily styled "a life of glorious obscurity," but Lord Curzon, as he was till two years ago, soon made it clear that he intended to distinguish himself in more than one walk of life. He was only twenty-six when he entered the House of Commons as one of the Conservative Members for Bucks, and he undoubtedly owes some of his success at the polls to his brilliant young wife, then known to all and sundry as Lady Georgiana Curzon, and who is one of the remarkable group of sisters which comprises the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Wimborne, and Lady Sarah Wilson. Both Lord and Lady Howe took a great share in organising the admirable Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals Committee, of which Lord Howe was Chairman. Lord Howe, who is one of the King's intimate friends, has but one child, the present Viscount Curzon, who is among the great *partis* of Society, and who is, of course, first-cousin to the Dukes of Marlborough and Roxburghe and Mr. Winston Churchill.



EARL HOWE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

Lady Constance Mackenzie, the young sister of the pretty Countess of Cromartie, is one of the keenest sportswomen in the kingdom. She is not only a first-rate shot and an enthusiastic fisherwoman, but her prowess as a swimmer has won her several prizes and made her name familiar to all those interested in aquatics. Though often seen in London Society, where she is chaperoned by her aunt, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Constance is never so happy as when in her native Highlands, where since her sister's marriage she often takes a shooting-box during the autumn months of the year. Few modern girls lead a pleasanter life than Lady Constance; just now she is starting for a tour round the world.



LADY CONSTANCE MACKENZIE.

Photograph by Langier, Old Bond Street, W.

Lady Cromartie. Of those ladies who possess titles in their own right, the Countess of Cromartie is one of the youngest and one of the best-looking. Though her title is only seven years old, she belongs to the greatest and most ancient of Scottish families, for her father, the second Earl of Cromartie, was a younger

The Next Great Function.

function, for it is probable that many Peeresses will avail themselves of His Majesty's

The State opening of Parliament by the King is likely to prove a very brilliant and, if one may use the word in such a connection, smart permission to wear their Coronation robes. This fact will add a special interest to the scene, for it is, I fancy, the first time that such a thing has happened. Coronets are not to be worn, but this will give the marvellous tiaras which were in some cases prepared for though not worn at the Coronation a chance of being admired. If it be only a fine day, Londoners will have a chance of again seeing some of the most noteworthy of the Peers' State-coaches; these gorgeous vehicles will lend a fairy-tale brilliancy to the scene, especially when they are massed altogether in Westminster Palace Yard, between the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

An Interesting Will. A good many people in London Society are interested in the will of Mr. John Mackay, who died in July last in England, and whose widow has long been one of the most popular of London hostesses. Mr. Mackay has left the bulk of his large fortune to his only son, Mr. Clarence Mackay, and it is curious to note that, unlike most millionaires, his "goods, pictures, and personal effects" were valued at only about a thousand pounds. Mrs. Mackay's house in Carlton House Terrace is, of course, her own property. It is one of the finest residences in that aristocratic and quiet thoroughfare, and there, during the Season, for many years past the hostess has entertained an immense circle of friends and acquaintances.

The Duke of Birmingham.

It has been seriously announced in more than one Continental paper that on his return home Mr. Chamberlain will be raised to the Peerage as Duke of Birmingham. It is, of course, very probable that in days to come his charming and tactful American wife will receive the high honour which was conferred first on Mrs. Disraeli, then on Mrs. W. H. Smith, and which, more lately, was offered to and refused by Mrs. Gladstone. The pretty notion of conferring on the wife the title which, for various reasons, a famous husband may not care to accept is said to have been first suggested by Queen Victoria herself. Should this come to pass in favour of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, she will be in the peculiar position of being the first native-born American who has accepted a title from a British Sovereign. The return of the Secretary of State for the Colonies is being looked forward to most eagerly in Birmingham.

MENTMORE, WHERE LORD ROSEBERY HAS BEEN ENTERTAINING IN HONOUR OF THE COMING OF AGE OF MR. LIONEL ROTHSCHILD.

Photograph by Payne and Son, Aylesbury.

brother of the present Duke of Sutherland. When he died, the title fell into abeyance between his two daughters, and was revived in favour of the eldest, Lady Sibell Lilian Mackenzie, she being at the time seventeen. Lady Cromartie had just come of age when her marriage to Major E. W. Blount took place. She owns one of the quaintest and most picturesque of Highland strongholds, Tarbat House, Ross-shire, and, when in England, she and Major Blount often entertain parties of their friends at North Lodge, Ascot.

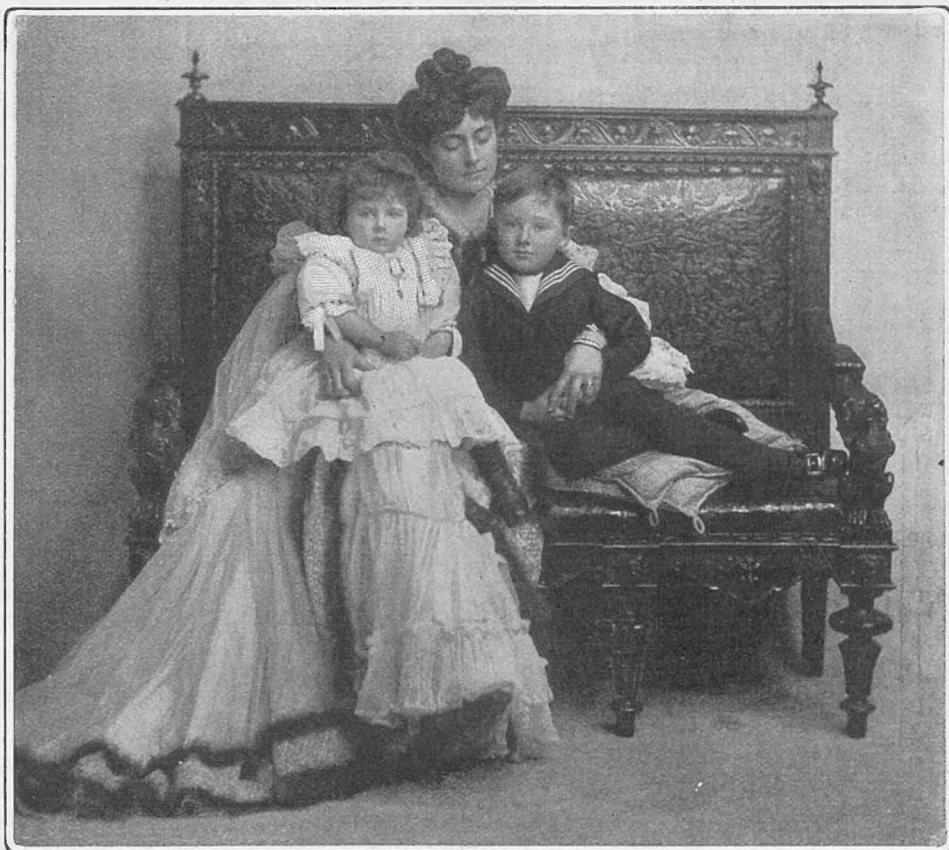
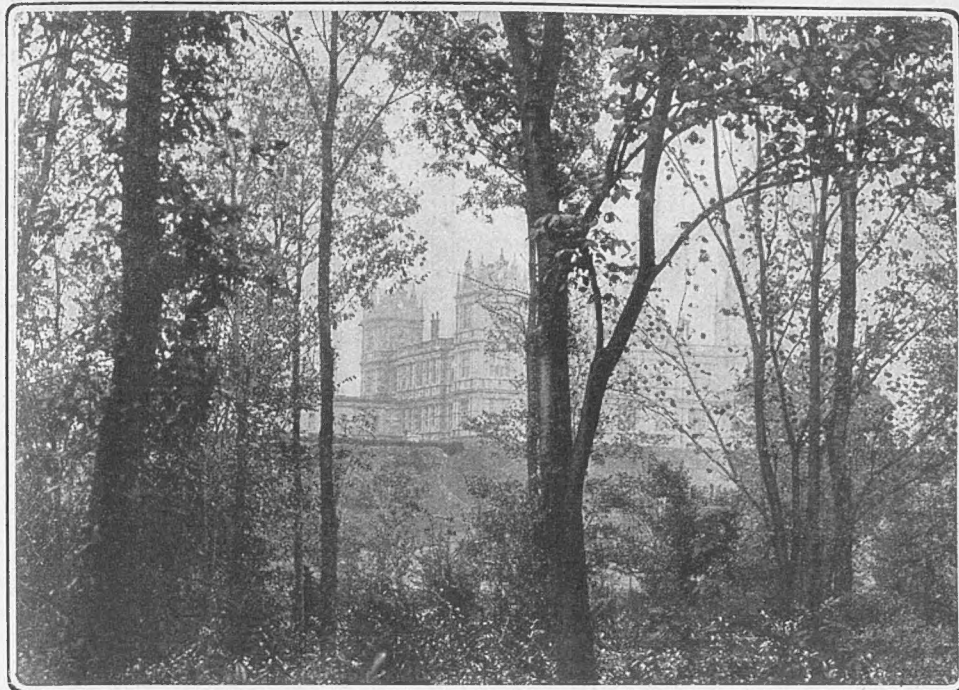
Marvellous Mentmore.

Mentmore, where Lord Rosebery and Lady Sybil Primrose have been entertaining a large house-party in honour of the rejoicings held at Ascott

with reference to the coming of age of Mr. Lionel Rothschild, is the most gorgeous country house in leafy Bucks. It was built by the father of the late Lady Rosebery, Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and there the great art-collections made by him, principally in Italy and Holland, are carefully preserved. Indeed, the house is more like some great Italian palace than an English nobleman's country seat; but Lord Rosebery's individuality is so strong that Mentmore and its contents seem typical of his varied tastes, and he has added many priceless works of art and objects of historic interest to the wonderful collection brought together by his father-in-law. Mentmore is ideally arranged for such a function as the great County Ball which took place there last Thursday, and the ex-Premier and his brilliant, accomplished daughter are never seen to greater advantage than when entertaining their friends and neighbours in that county which is now known to all and sundry as the "Rothschild country."

A Berkshire Hostess.

It rarely happens that a pretty and popular girl marries a local magnate; almost always her married home lies far from the scenes of her early triumphs. This, however, has not been the case with Lady Gooch, the beautiful young wife of Sir Daniel Gooch. As Miss Munro, she was during the short time which elapsed between her coming out as a débutante and her marriage one of the most popular girls in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and great were the rejoicings when it became known that she would remain in the same neighbourhood as a bride, for Sir Daniel's place, Clewer Park, is close to the Royal Borough. The marriage took place seven years ago next June, and Lady Gooch is the mother of two little children—a son and heir and a baby girl.



LADY GOOCH AND CHILDREN.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

Miss Marion Terry. Miss Marion Terry, who holds as firm a place in the affections of playgoers as her sister, Miss Ellen Terry, is at present playing in "Quality Street," at the Vaudeville. The success of Mr. Barrie's comedy must in no small measure be attributed to Miss Terry's charming performance.

The British Embassy in Rome. Everyone is glad to hear that Sir Francis Bertie is coming shortly to Rome (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in that city), for the absence of an Ambassador has been very keenly felt on all sides. Sir Rennell Rodd, who enjoys the reputation of being a hard-working, well-meaning First Secretary, will doubtless be more glad than any, for he looks overworked to a degree. Lady Rodd and he were at a ball given at the Grand Hotel on Saturday last. Both appear most conscientiously at all the various functions given here. They always give the impression of being, if not bored, yet terribly overdone with duty calls and other necessary social functions. The American Ambassadors, Mrs. Lengkerke Meyer, was most conspicuous by her genial affability. The Ambassador of the United States and Mrs. Meyer are most popular in Rome, both among their own countrymen and among the English and Italian members of Society. They possess the necessary requisites for their position, for they are courteous and pleasant to all with whom they come in contact. Stiffness and fear of being seen to be acquainted with those of other than the nobility not are characteristics of American Embassy staffs.

The Pope. A very amusing and, it is affirmed, a perfectly true story is told of the Pope Leo XIII. Great and serious warfare is being waged just now in Italy over a Bill called the Divorce Bill, which is being introduced by the Minister of Justice, Signor Coccu-Ortu. Naturally, the Vatican and all the Roman Catholics in Italy are up in arms against it. The Roman Catholic Press contains long articles daily against the measure, and, of course, the Pope himself has not failed to make his voice heard on such an important subject. The other day, several ladies belonging to a religious body in Rome were being presented to His Holiness; as each lady was presented to the Pope, her name was clearly spoken by the Mother Superior. Among the ladies were the two daughters of the very Minister who is introducing the Bill. When their names were given, the Pope turned round, threw up his arms into the air, and appeared to be quite overcome. He then regained his composure, and was informed by the Lady Superior that the two ladies were most worthy of regard, for they had been very faithful to the cause and were opponents of the enemies of the Church, like all good Catholics. Hereupon the Pope is said to have addressed them in most kindly manner, and have ended by saying, "Make your father good too."

The Pope's Nurse. Not long ago, it was told in these pages how the Pope's old nurse had been to see his Holiness on her hundredth birthday and had had a private audience. Her name was Anna Moroni Tusch, and she lived in the village of Cori, not far from Rome. The poor old woman, who was born on Oct. 6, 1802, has not long survived her centenary, for last week she met with an accident which proved fatal. She was cooking her dinner, when, somehow or other, she upset the stove and set fire to her dress. She had no one with her at the time, and before anyone could go to her assistance she was burned to death.

Pope Pius IX. The death of Pope Pius IX. will be celebrated very shortly, and it will be extremely difficult to gain access to the small Sistine Chapel, where this very private service will be held. The Pope will be present, and the whole body of

Cardinals and the Diplomatic Corps will attend. Besides these, only a few of the Roman aristocracy will be allowed to enter, for this solemn service becomes more quiet every year. Talking of Vatican services, I was present yesterday at St. Peter's and was much struck by the very reverent attitude of all the onlookers and the highly irreverent behaviour of the Minor Canons of the Roman Catholic body of priests. Some half-dozen of them were manifestly asleep during most of the service, and many of them whispered to each other quite audibly and smiled and joked during the procession like so many ill-behaved schoolboys. It was, in fact, the exact reverse of the state of things in our large Cathedrals. There, to our shame it must be owned, the congregation is very often guilty of most irreverent behaviour, but, at least, the officiating clergy are a pattern of attention and decorum.

The Mad Empress. The tragedy of the Empress Charlotte is now almost forgotten, and, perhaps, few people are aware that the King of the Belgians has a sister who has been

mad ever since the murder of her husband, the Emperor Maximilian, in 1867. The unfortunate Empress is in her sixty-third year and is beginning to show signs of old age. She has been in confinement for more than thirty-five years, and the violent paroxysms which used to seize her have now almost entirely ceased. In fact, she has so far recovered as to have been able to realise the death of her sister-in-law, the Queen of the Belgians, and, except in her violent attacks, her general health has always been good. The Empress lives at the Château de Tervueren.

A Gentleman in Parliament. Sir Henry Fletcher, who is

henceforth to be known as Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, is one of the most dignified and respected members of the House of Commons. He is slow to speak, but he is a courteous listener, and although his Toryism may be shocked by many speeches, he turns to his opponents a calm, attentive face. His courtesy is of the stately sort. He walks and looks and acts as if he belonged to an older school than the present. Aristocrat though he is, Sir Henry Fletcher treats all members with equal deference. He has been in Parliament since 1880, and has given the Whips very little trouble.

Members Want a Change. A great many members

of Parliament are to retire at the next dissolution. Some

want a change to new constituencies. The Master of Elibank, for instance, finds that he does not possess resources adequate to Midlothian, and Mr. Compton Rickett, the coal-merchant, who represents Scarborough, desires a constituency in which his attention will not be distracted by local controversies from political and social problems. Once a candidate becomes a member, he is supposed to be happy, but just now many Liberals appear to feel uncomfortable. No doubt, so attractive a politician as the Master of Elibank, son of Lord Elibank, will find a Scottish constituency within his resources, and probably Mr. Rickett will discover a constituency which is seriously minded enough.

The Wandering Sardine.

The failure of the caviare fishery in Russia is felt deeply by Parisian gourmets. But the more democratic sardine, which has ruined Brittany by deserting its coasts, has made a wide field of victims. It is marked off in all cheap popular restaurants as a *hors d'œuvre*. And how far the vagaries of a fish can go is instanced by the effect on happy little children. No sardines, no sardine-boxes for the chiffonniers to pick up in the streets; hence no cheap metal for the manufacturers of children's toys at one or two sous apiece. There will be a positive stagnation in the cheap-toy trade.



MISS MARION TERRY.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.

*The Hippodrome
Pantomime.*

"Dick Whittington," at the London

Hippodrome, is only an item of the evening's entertainment; and yet, as a matter of fact, it is one of the best and most gorgeous productions of the kind ever produced in any theatre. Mr. Charles H. Taylor's book is pleasantly written, Mr. Carl Kiefert's music is delightful, and Mr. Frank Parker has eclipsed himself in the art of production. Marceline, the Hippodrome's famous clown, is funnier than ever; Miss Madge Girdlestone is surely one of the most superb and statuesque figures to be seen on any stage; and the Trial of the Cat, who is put on his defence on a charge of stealing ducks, is a most amusing burlesque. Altogether, Mr. H. E. Moss's third Christmas Fairy Production may be said to have beaten even his own record, and that is saying a good deal.

*The Coming Spring
Season.*

Although many old-fashioned

people do not care to entertain in Lent, there seems every prospect that "the little Spring Season," as it has sometimes been called, will be a very brilliant one. Next week will see the return to town of that section of Society which circles round St. Stephen's, and on Monday week (16th) the Duke of Devonshire will give his usual full-dress Parliamentary Dinner to the Unionist Peers. There seems a general impression that the great political hostesses mean to entertain much more than is usual during this time of year, and it is definitely stated that not only the Duchess of Devonshire, but also Lady Londonderry, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Breadalbane, and Lady Tweedmouth, mean to give great receptions to the political rank-and-file. Some curiosity



MARCELINE. THE SILENT CLOWN AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

is felt as to what part in social life will be taken by the Prince and Princess of Wales. During the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century, King Edward and Queen Alexandra entertained a great deal at Marlborough House, and it is much hoped that the present Prince and Princess of Wales will follow in their footsteps. It certainly looks as if they meant to do so, and their new London residence is admirably adapted for the purposes of Royal entertaining.

A New Pianist.

Mr. Neville

Swainson has just given the first of two pianoforte recitals which, under the direction of Mr. Vert, he had arranged for the season. Mr. Swainson is clever, is intelligent, and has a certain amount of artistic feeling. It would be impossible to say that he had reached the stage of being a finished artist; he is still, as it were, in the leashes of student life. That is to say, he approaches his composers in a gay, almost a hilarious spirit. We all know how the unthinking school-girl attacks Beethoven's "Grand Sonata" (in A-flat Major) with an air of sentimentality and a determination of technique that almost defy critical speech; in a somewhat higher stage of things, Mr. Swainson attacked the same Sonata of Beethoven from the same point of view. Though he lacks originality, one cannot help feeling

a kindness for this ambitious young player, in that he reveals himself just as he is, without conceit of appearance and artificiality of manner; the net result is that, though at the present moment he falls short of anything like greatness in the art of pianoforte interpretation, he may in the end attain to something which represents his own personality and which identifies himself with the music that he desires to fulfil.



"DICK WHITTINGTON" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: THE TRIAL OF THE CAT.

Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

A Kitchen Aquarium.

One of the Monte Carlo hotels has taken a novel step on the path of luxury. It has started as an annexe to the kitchen a little aquarium in three parts, one for sea fish, another for fresh-water fish, and a third for the small fry that help the savoury *bouillabaisse* to achieve its highest point of excellence. Patrons of the hotel or visitors to the restaurant can go to this department and order the individual lobster or sole whose well-fed, healthy appearance suggests a proper use of life in the past and great table possibilities in the immediate future. Some attempt on similar lines was to have been made at a very smart house in London a few years ago, but it fell through. A hotel-manager told me that, while it would be all right if the fish lived and thrived, it would be all wrong if they pined and died. "For flavour," he said, "a fish taken direct from the sea and kept some days before cooking is better than a fish that dies in a tank or shows signs of dying and is eaten at once." Of course, Monte Carlo being on the sea-shore, can accomplish many things that are impossible in London, and doubtless the price charged for the fish that may be inspected in their native element will not err on the side of modesty.

Hunt "M.F.H." Difficulties.

The post of "M.F.H." is not easily filled nowadays. Even the petition of a thousand of his tenant-farmers has not availed to persuade that great landowner, the Duke of Sutherland, to Master the North Staffordshire pack. Mr. Richard Fort is leaving his post with the Meynell pack, Mr. Deacon is retiring from the East Essex, Mr. Rushout from the Cotswold, and Mr. Gerald Hardy from the Atherstone. There are many other resignations to chronicle, but these suffice to show that the post of "M.F.H." can be no sinecure. The causes of these resignations are remarkably alike. Barbed wire, the increasing hostility of farmers, the ever-growing size of the fields and consequent tendency of *nouveaux riches* to invade the fixtures and be inattentive or indifferent to the Master's ruling—these and a scarcity of foxes, due to the increasing preservation of game, may be said to account for the trouble. Some Hunts have tried to meet the growing lack of foxes by paying for foxes brought from other counties and asking no questions. This unsportsmanlike trick, which is by no means uncommon and has a tendency to increase, has not yielded much reward, for, strange to say, Reynard does not thrive if he is shifted from one sort of soil to another. But the game-preserver who has arrived at an age when horseback has no attractions for him is the real enemy of the fox-hunter, for his soul is all too often stained with the sin of vulpicide. He prefers pheasants to foxes, and his keepers know it.

Tuberculosis Serum. Dr. Oscar Marmorek, who is said to claim the discovery of a new and effective tuberculosis serum, is one of the younger generation of scientists, but has already

found time to make a big name for himself by original research work. He is at the head of the bacteriological laboratory of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and it is only a few weeks ago that he defended the position of the vivisectionists, and declared to me that the humanitarian instinct allowed to run wild was impeding scientific progress. "Society is not shocked," he said, "when some hundreds of birds are shot in a single day in the name of sport; it takes no count of the fur and feather that escape to die wounded in the woods, but of operations that have the highest ends of humanity in view it is intolerant. When a humanitarian, being bitten by a mad dog, refuses to come to the Pasteur Institute, I will believe that the movement has some logical followers." Outside his work,

Dr. Marmorek's great life-interest is the Zionist movement; in fact, he and Dr. Max Nordau are the heads of the movement in France. It would appear that a new serum for tuberculosis has been made in Italy, too, by Dr. Tizzoni. Let us hope that our scientific friends have found the diet and lodgings that are least conducive to the well-being of the tubercle bacillus.

The Study of Forestry.

The recent agitation for the study and practice of forestry in Great Britain has not been without effect; it is at least likely that Chairs of Forestry will be established at Oxford and Cambridge. Dr. R. K. Cooper, the President of the Irish Forestry Union, who has given so much of his valuable time and expert knowledge to the subject, is very angry because the Board of Agriculture has made no recommendation in connection with Dublin University. He points out, fairly enough, that Ireland is in a very distressed condition through the neglect of forestry, and that the country there must be restored to its early condition if the peasants are to get fair return for their labours on the land. In this connection, I may remark that, only a few weeks ago, I was talking with a very high authority upon the present social and agricultural condition of Italy. "The whole source of the present economic condition,"

he said, "may be traced to the reckless cutting-down of forests and woodland. The work is not new; it began two or three centuries ago on a large scale, but in the past two decades the terrible results of the unnatural work have commenced to show themselves. Every country that destroys its forests and denudes its hillsides is transgressing a great natural law and must pay a very grievous penalty."

Mr. Lionel de Rothschild.

One of the most interesting presentations to Mr. Lionel de Rothschild on his attaining his majority was that made by the members of the Whaddon Chase Hunt. This consisted of a battery of guns, and some hundred and fifty followers of the pack were present at the ceremony, which took place just before the hounds started off from Ascott. Mr. Rothschild made a neat little sporting speech of thanks.



A COUNTRY SCENE: THE SHEPHERD LEADING HIS FLOCK TO PASTURES NEW.



A COUNTRY SCENE: "SWERTS TO THE SWEET."

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Cake-Walk Craze. It is not a novelty that has caught on—this cake-walk dance—but a mania, an aristocratic frenzy, a Batignolles furore, and a perfectly new “Carmagnole” for the denizens of what may be termed the East-End (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The “kaka-vaik,” which is pure Parisian in pronunciation, is the talk of the city, the rage of the hour. The illustrated



PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE,

DAUGHTER OF PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF M. BLANC,
THE FOUNDER OF MONTE CARLO.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

journals give page illustrations of the dance in the salons, and it has become an old joke with the comics to represent servants giving in their notice because there was no cake-walk in the *soirée* of their masters. It is nothing to see in Montmartre a joyous band of night birds dancing it with wild dash. M. Houcke, of the Nouveau Cirque, who is responsible for this sartorial Charivari, tells me that he only regarded it as a novelty for the nigger ballet that he intended to mount, and it was a profound astonishment to him when he found that it had caught the town. It is useless for sundry vinagery-penned journalists to persist that it is enough to make wooden horses weep to think that this wild hullabaloo of feet and arms should desecrate salons where erstwhile the cotillon was sacred.

An Imperial Heiress. The greatest heiress in the Imperial Royal houses of Europe will shortly come of age, namely, the Princess Marie Bonaparte. She is the only child of Prince Roland Bonaparte, the celebrated savant and great traveller, by the late daughter of M. Blanc, founder of Monte Carlo, from whom she inherits her immense fortune. The Princess suffered the sad loss of her mother at her birth. She is an enthusiastic motorist and amateur photographer, and, like her father, takes great interest in aerial navigation, Prince Roland being the founder and the first President of the Paris Aéro Club, which gave such an impetus to ballooning and was the initiator of M. Santos-Dumont's famous aerial “flight.” She presides with great charm and grace over her father's magnificent *ménage* in the Avenue d'Iéna, where foregather savants and other celebrities from all parts of the world.

Oh, the Irony! I picked up the *Patrie* the other day. The *Patrie* used to sell Boer flags to be hung up at every window when there was a British defeat. It also used to cry over the brave farmers fighting the fanged and murderous English. And now, forsooth, it throws over the Boers. It suggests that their want of discipline, their treason, their cowardice, were responsible for the *débâcle*. When the Boer Generals were over here, they had a chance of seeing the value of their noisiest friends, and the rank-and-file Boer can now judge for himself.

The Alcohol Poison. The Académie de Médecine has given to the Parisian this week in blunt form the poisons that he is drinking garbed by fanciful names. Some of the component parts would frighten the most hereditary drunkard. One drink is cited that, starting with prussic acid as its basis, includes twenty-four more toxic ingredients, all of varying deadliness. This drug is on sale in all the *mastroquets* at four sous. The determined action of England will lead to a complete change in Paris and the law will be administered in a Draconian fashion.

Sarah as Advertiser. Accompanied by, I suppose, all others in the Directory, I received a beautiful souvenir postcard from Sarah Bernhardt of “Théroigne de Méricourt.” It was enclosed in an open envelope, and evidently with the idea that it should be forwarded to a friend. A very clever and artistic advertising mood.

“Florodora” Scores. I had my misgivings over the fate of “Florodora.” I had seen “The Geisha” at the Athénée, and its fate, but that was nearer to Fashoda days of bitterness. “Florodora,” which has been excellently served by Vély and Schwab as translators, should be a fortune for the Bouffes-Parisiens, the most hardly used house by fortune in Paris. For the moment, the audience on the first-night were stunned by the rapidity of the movement. No lines of ballet-girls doing nothing and all glaring into space. It was an anachronism to see one perpetual scene of maelström movement with flying legs and skirts. But the English musical comedy caught on in no time, and ripples of laughter turned into roars. The Champagne Dance sent the house delirious, and the waltz-songs were recalled again and again. Need it be recorded that there again that seven times seven blessed tyranny, the “cake-walk” dance, was the glory of the evening. I must mention the acting of Paulette Darty, who was at her very best, and I doubt if Mr. Leslie Stuart has ever heard his music more delightfully rendered.

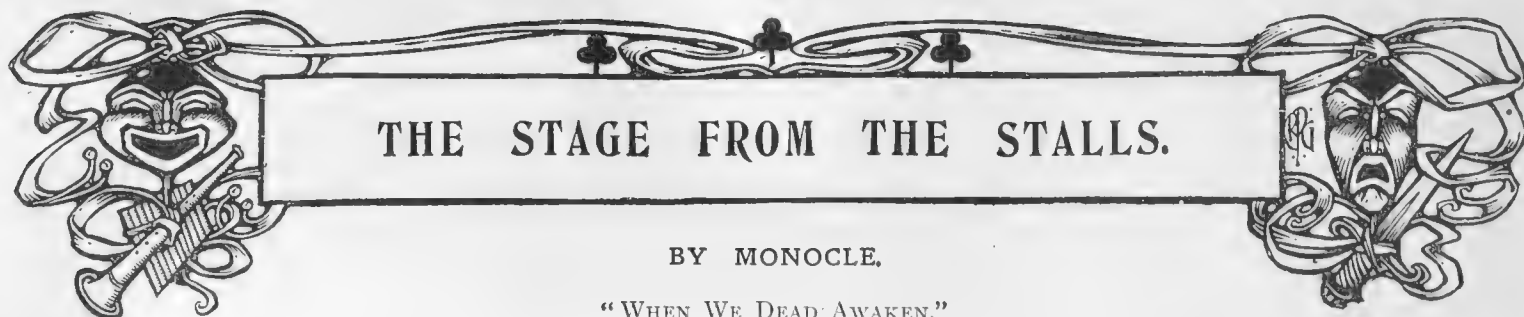
Princess Victoria of Battenberg. Princess Henry of Battenberg, though she has suffered deeply through the loss of husband and mother, is indeed blessed in her four children. Princess Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena, her only daughter, is a bright, attractive girl, and a great favourite with her godmother, the aged



H.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGÉNIE OF BATTENBERG.

Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Empress Eugénie, after whom she was named. Princess Victoria Eugénie, as she is generally known, was born on Oct. 24, 1887, so that she is now in her sixteenth year.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN."

IT would be agreeable if one of the many associations connected with the stage could arrange for a more even distribution of first-nights. The end of this week sees quite a bunch, whilst the seven days since I was last writing this column brought forth only one play. I should hasten to add that the one in question is far more important than half-a-dozen of the ordinary type, since it is the final work of the world-renowned dramatist, Ibsen, who calls it a "dramatic epilogue." People have read into this description the idea that the work is symbolical and subjective and gives a kind of history rather condemnatory than apologetic of the author's career. I do not know what degree of official foundation there may be for the theory that in Rübeck, the sculptor, the dramatist has drawn himself, that Irene indicates poetry and Maia drama, and the object is to show that the great Scandinavian has been false to his career in abandoning poetry for drama. There is something rather ludicrous in this idea of the dramatist hesitating between virtue and vice, and, in the end, choosing vice in the form of drama. Whether the world is the poorer for the fact that the author of "Brand" turned his attention to the modern stage, I cannot say, since my ignorance of Norwegian compels me to the use of translation; but, seeing how much richer the world is in great modern poetry than great modern drama, I feel strongly that no one should deplore the choice made by him. Some, of course, do deplore it; they would not have been compelled to read his verse, but are obliged to see his plays. A stranger to the quarrel, reading the extreme notices concerning the performance by the Stage Society of "When We Dead Awaken," would hardly think they were criticisms upon the same affair, though, of course, he would eventually come to the conclusion that these extremists are like the knights in the story who fought concerning the colour of the shield really two-coloured. Some have it in their minds that they have a kind of duty to attack Ibsen and anybody who ventures to produce one of his works. Having given him a bad name—Mr. Shaw ("G. B. S.") in his interesting book, "The Quintessence of Ibsen," brings together an amazing collection of bad names—they try to hang him on every imaginable occasion, and not only him, but the unfortunate admirers, who are constantly alleged to be long-haired, pale-faced, ill-dressed creatures.

Of course, we know that the campaign carried on against Ibsen is similar to the war waged against Wagner, Whistler, Burne-Jones, Zola, and others whose work ultimately has triumphed and is carried on in the same manner and spirit—possibly, in some respects, Zola's is an exceptional matter—but in the case of the others we have had the same outcries about incomprehensibility and morbidity, the same assertion that the admirers are "cranks," or faddists, or humbugs, and one expected to find "When We Dead Awaken" called "cheerless, morbid, and uninteresting," and to learn that "fortunately, the English public has long since made it clear that Ibsen is in no demand here"; but, "fortunately," people who write this kind of thing, although they may do harm, only delay and do not arrest movement. The outcry at the moment among certain classes is that "the English public has for some time since made it clear that serious drama is in no demand here" and that at present it desires its theatres to be used for frivolous entertainments—the more frivolous the better; yet there is no ground for thinking that this state of things will last. There will be a reaction some day against the mere entertainment theory, because it will be found that the theatres cannot hold their own against the halls, which give entertainments as rich in artistic value or intellectual quality and can permit their patrons to smoke and to gossip between the "turns."

No doubt, the word "interesting" is the key-note of the passage I have quoted. The writer says that "'When We Dead Awaken' is not interesting": surely he should have added the words "to me." A Beethoven symphony is not interesting to the man in the street, nor is "Paradise Lost" to millions of people, but this does not prove that they are not interesting works. It is the duty of the critic, if he uses such a vigorous word, to look a little beyond himself. Ibsen's plays, presumably, he would find uninteresting in the library, yet they sell very well, if they have not the vogue of some popular novels or the *Family Herald*. He should have made some statement as to the attitude of the audience, and when he noted, as the fact was, that the house watched the piece with close attention, and obviously was moved by some passages of the play—a play making severe demands on the spectator—should have asked himself whether the fault did not lie in him rather than the piece.

Certainly, "When We Dead Awaken" is a puzzling work in one sense. Regarded simply as a human drama, it is strange but not puzzling; when treated as a symbolical work, differences of opinion may—indeed, must—arise; as, of course, in every case when a work,

primarily a presentation of human beings, has a secondary and spiritual signification. The dramatist, except by way of the now disused prologue, cannot imitate the writer of fables and add the moral by way of a tag at the end; nor may he distort the conduct of his characters so as to render easy the task of discerning the symbolical meaning. An entire stranger might have seen the play produced by the Stage Society, and acted excellently, without suspecting that, concurrently with the obvious human play, there is being presented a species of spiritual drama involving for comprehension matters personal to the dramatist and his life. He would have found a cruel piece based on a fine study of the sculptor in whom the artistic temperament was, for a while, so strong as to overrule natural feelings so that Rübeck, despite her beauty and her love, was able to treat Irene, his model, merely as an almost inanimate object necessary to him in his art and not in his life. Then he would have seen that the woman, broken-hearted by his callousness, went away when her task was finished, and that outraged Nature awoke in the man and caused him to marry Maia, the pretty, slightly vulgar Philistine, who did not care an "öre" about his art or any other art, and would have revelled in musical comedy and looked upon Ibsen's plays as "uninteresting." The marriage turned out exactly as could have been expected—assuming, of course, one expected no children to come of it. Consequently, when, some years later, Rübeck, now politely indifferent to his wife, comes with her to Norway and they meet Irene, everything is ready for a catastrophe. An accidental encounter with Ulheim, a rough sportsman, proves a determining element. Maia, sick of the artist, nine-tenths of whose thoughts are Greek to her, whose wishes and pleasures are foreign to her, is attracted by the sturdy manhood of the huntsman, and so the group is complete.

It is to be noted that none of the quartet exhibits any signs of religious influence. The play so utterly ignores the moral aspect of the affair as to avoid being immoral, though, indeed, the determination of Rübeck and Irene to defy the obligations of the marriage-tie causes their death—a somewhat indecisive determination of the piece by no means beyond criticism. The interest of the "uninteresting" piece is concentrated on the artist and Irene, and chiefly consists of scenes between them—a little too long, perhaps, though, indeed, I am not sure that the players are not to be blamed for the feeling that some passages are diffuse, since there was something of monotony in their really clever work. The critic I have been quoting says that the amount of talk "reached a maximum and the amount of action a minimum," but this is because to him, presumably, "action" in a drama means physical action. To him the action in the great Act in "Othello" would lie in what the Moor and Iago do and not in the prodigious workings in the heart of the unfortunate Othello. Of course, to take this narrow view of action is to condemn most of the master-pieces of the classic drama. In "When We Dead Awaken," the "action" is psychological and not physical. The colloquies in which Irene and Rübeck learn from one another what may be called the subjective aspect of the facts of their life together when she was sitting as model for his master-piece, "The Resurrection," are remarkably rich in action in this sense of the word. One sees these two with their souls almost as bare as Irene when she stood on the turn-table as model, and watches whilst unexpected emotions play on them and move them till, at last, Nature, finally forcing herself forward again, brings to them through agony of despair a hope of a new, real life which again revengeful Nature destroys with the avalanche on the mountain. All this may seem "uninteresting." I have met people who thought "The Ring and the Book" both "uninteresting" and "unreadable," but many of the audience, and I amongst them, found it intensely interesting and moving as well.

Such a play demands acting of the first class, and this is hardly at the command of a Club such as the Stage Society; consequently, no little of the effect was lost; but, nevertheless, a good enough performance was given to justify the production. Miss Henrietta Watson, the Irene, played some scenes superbly, and there was a fine suggestion of character in her work, and also, unfortunately, at times she was excessively restrained; there are passages in the piece, notably in the last scene, where certainly great excitement should be shown, and here the sheer acting effect was lost. This criticism is applicable to Mr. Titheradge, much of whose work was really subtle and ingenious. There is rather a tendency in the performances of the Society to excessive avoidance of strong dramatic effects—a virtue pushed too far. Miss Mabel Hackney had to struggle against a bad cold and allowance should be made, but it was hardly needed by her Maia, in all respects a clever performance, and in some quite a remarkable study of character.



"PAS SEUL."

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINDELL.

MAKING MILITARY MUSCLE.

FEW civilians can have any idea of the pronounced extent to which muscular development is fostered in the Army. The recruit who joins the service with the idea that military duty consists merely in walking up and down on "sentry-go," or doing a little barrack-square drill in the interval between breakfast and dinner, is early in his career given reason to think differently. Not only has he to undergo a three months' gymnastic course as soon as he is duly "attested," but he has also to go through a shorter one every year. While for the most part this is looked upon as a pleasant break in the monotony of peace routine, it does not seem to be always the case. In connection with this, there is a story of a man who was court-martialled for desertion at the end of a week. Asked what he had to say for himself, he replied naïvely that he had enlisted as a soldier and not as a "blooming acrobat"!

The principal military gymnasium in England is at Aldershot. The building, which is an exceptionally fine one, is equipped in the most efficient manner imaginable. To get an idea of the value of the training given therein it is necessary to see a party of men before and after undergoing a course of instruction. The results obtained by the latter in the way of physical growth almost border on the marvellous. Many an undersized youth, indeed, who has only been enlisted as a "special" (that is, one who falls below the minimum standard of chest, weight, and height measurements) is speedily transformed into an individual of positively Sandow-like proportions, while no one can fail to increase his muscular development very materially. The most clumsy of recruits, too, promptly learns to perform wonderful feats on the parallel bars, and those who have hitherto had only the vaguest notions of scaling a rope soon display the agility of a London fireman.

While a good deal of the gymnastic training at Aldershot takes place under cover, some of it is carried on out of doors. This latter portion is known as "free gymnastics," for the reason that it entails the use of very little apparatus. It consists, for the most part, in exercising the body by means of jumping, running, and hopping. The system is a comparatively new one, having been introduced only of recent years. Excellent results, however, have been obtained from it. During the progress of the late War in South Africa, it was largely resorted to on board the transports conveying troops to "the Front," with a view to keeping the men in good health. As may be imagined, until these got their "sea-legs" it was a little difficult to perform the correct movements with the ship's deck at an angle of, perhaps, twenty-five degrees.

In addition to these classes of instruction for recruits and trained soldiers, others are held in the Aldershot Gymnasium for men who exhibit special proficiency. The pick of these are appointed Sergeant-Instructors to regiments and garrisons at home and abroad. Many of them become remarkably expert gymnasts and athletes generally of no mean attainments. An exhibition of their skill is one of the most popular items included in the programme of the Military Tournament that is held in the Agricultural Hall at Islington every year.

Vaulting the horse, scaling perpendicular walls, and dropping to the ground from dizzy heights, &c., are regarded by them as mere child's-play. Some of their feats, indeed, are of a nature that is calculated to make the spectator think that their performers must be made of indiarubber.

Work in the Aldershot Gymnasium commences early and ends late, relays of classes being under instruction all day long. During the progress of a course the men are as far as possible excused all other military duty. If the training were liable to be interrupted in any way, it would necessarily lose much of its value. To prevent this, only a proportion of each battalion is employed at a time, the remainder being available for guards, pickets, and musketry. Simple exercises are practised at first, and from these the men advance by easy stages to the more difficult ones. Officers, as well as the rank-and-file, have to

go through precisely the same instruction. As the majority of the former have enjoyed facilities for becoming gymnasts at school, they rarely have much difficulty in giving satisfaction. Private soldiers who fail to do their work smartly are apt to be relegated to the "awkward squad." The obloquy attaching to this is so great that they naturally make every effort to get out of it at the earliest possible moment.

The officer in charge of the Aldershot Gymnasium is Colonel the Hon. J. S. Napier, C.M.G. He was appointed to the post in 1897 from the Gordon Highlanders. His record of active service includes the Afghan Campaign of 1878, the Boer War of 1881, and the recent hostilities in South Africa. In this last he was employed on "special service," and acquitted himself so well that he was made a "C.M.G." Colonel Napier is keenly interested in football and has done much to promote the game in the Army.

To assist him in carrying out his duties at Aldershot, Colonel Napier has the services of Lieutenant-Colonel Rolt and a staff of warrant and non-

commissioned officers as instructors. At the head of these is Sergeant-Major J. Beths. Twelve other officers, graded as superintendents of gymnasia, are employed to look after the physical training of the troops quartered in different portions of the United Kingdom. Three of them are stationed in Ireland, and one in Scotland. In the Mediterranean garrisons this duty is in the hands of two captains. A gymnastic course is also part and parcel of the military system in India. The superintendents and instructors, however, are furnished by the Army authorities in that country, and they receive their training locally, instead of at Aldershot.

An adjunct of the Aldershot "Gym." is a swimming-bath that has lately been opened. The building compares very favourably with any in existence. It is freely patronised, especially after the fatigues of a long and dusty field-day, for nowadays practically all soldiers are able to swim. Abroad it is the custom, when facilities exist for the purpose, to hold bathing-parades two or three times a week during the summer months. As a rule, these take place either in the early morning or in the cool of the evening. Boating is also indulged in at Gibraltar and Malta,

HORACE WYNHAM.



THE SWIMMING-BATH AT ALDERSHOT.

Photograph by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.

MAKING MILITARY MUSCLE.



Sergt.-Major J. Beths. Col. the Hon. J. Scott Napier.

COLONEL THE HON. J. SCOTT NAPIER WITH SERGEANT-MAJOR BETHS AND STAFF OF THE GYMNASIUM, ALDERSHOT.



IN THE GYMNASIUM, ALDERSHOT.

Photographs by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.

MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT.

THE IDOL OF THE GAY CITY IN HER "MODEL HOUSE."

"BECAUSE I had to earn my bread, and I like something nice to eat with it, that is why I abandoned the stage and took up my present line of work." So said Madame Yvette Guilbert when asked how it was that she, so dramatic to her finger-tips, had no ambition to shine as a dramatic "star." Not so many years ago, she was playing a small comedy-part in an unimportant theatre. One night, the then little Yvette sought to amuse herself in a Café Chantant.

She was surprised and disgusted with the entertainment offered, and declared the entrance-money badly invested, and, furthermore, determined that she could do better herself than the vocalist of the occasion. The result was that she wrote both words and music to suit herself, and achieved instantly a huge success. Thus was the fatal seal set upon Madame Guilbert's stage career.

No more small salaries and stuffy theatres for her; in one twinkling she burst into a "star" of first magnitude, quite without rival in her unique line of work.

"I had ambition to become an actress, but there was not sufficient money in it to please me. Easier? Not at all. I think the preparation of one song as difficult and as fatiguing as three Acts of comedy. I work unceasingly from morning till night."

"But what is your favourite recreation," I suggested, "for you must sometimes amuse yourself?"

"Recreation! Is there such a word? I had quite forgotten its existence. But, now that you remind me—I am fond of reading. My three passions are my songs, writing, and reading."

"That sounds more like work than recreation, for, I suppose, you write your songs?"

"Yes," replied Madame Guilbert; "at least, I usually give the suggestion."

Referring to the possibility of finding French songs suited to her own peculiar style of work, Madame Guilbert said: "I am very fond of the old French songs. They are difficult, and it requires no end of study to set forth all the dramatic power there is in them. It is a fine point to distinguish where Nature leaves off and vulgarity begins. Take the idiot song, for example. The author gives no one but myself permission to sing it, and when I have finished a performance of this song I am mentally and physically exhausted."

There can be nothing more repulsive in Nature than a drunken woman, and yet all who saw Madame Guilbert's impersonation of "La Soularde" would admit that the graphic picture presented a creature to be laughed at, shuddered at, pitied, then to be wept with, always a subject to be wondered at, but never loathsome. A famous artist has evidently been deeply impressed with this representation, and Madame Guilbert has, as a tribute from him, a most curious painting of "La Soularde" with burning eyes of real topaz.

"What sort of songs do I like best? Either very tragic or very comic, although I consider it less difficult to make people cry than to

make them laugh. 'Le Capitaine' is a great favourite of mine, also 'Ma Tête.' I like plunging into the belongings of former centuries. In fact, I furnished my house on that principle. Whenever I saw something that particularly pleased me, I bought it; if that was impossible, I had it copied. Take that fireplace, for example. It is an exact copy of one in the boudoir of Marie Antoinette at Versailles; and you must have a look at yourself in that mirror, for Napoleon often admired himself therein. It was the property of the Queen Hortense. Fortunately for me, some corporation wanted the site of her house, so the furniture was sold, and I promptly secured the mirror. Yes, it is quite lovely, as is also this original model of Hamlet and Ophelia, by Blanche, a famous Belgian sculptor."

At every turn of the eye there is evidence of luxury and artistic taste in this abode, which might pass for a veritable corner of Versailles, so genuinely Louis XV. is the entire scheme of furnishing. Madame Guilbert also indulges a peculiar fancy for the paraphernalia of Cathedrals, and pointed out some gorgeous Louis XV. columns which were brought from the Cathedral at Nuremberg. Seldom do we find a musician with the versatility of Madame Guilbert. Besides being an accomplished pianist, she has written several books, one of which is appearing now in serial form in the *Journal of Paris*. It is well known that the curious experiences of her career as a café-singer are taken as the foundation-stones of many of Yvette Guilbert's novelettes, and this many-sided artist said, as to plots, "Why, they are furnished for me. Every day in the street there are ten million plots, if one does not go about with one's eyes closed"—and no one would ever accuse Madame Guilbert of going about with her eyes shut.

She confesses to a weakness for tea, says her only beverage is tea, but that she drinks as much of it as two English persons.

"Of course, I like London! What a question! Everyone adores London. I wish Paris were as near the sea as London is. I love the sea, although I believe the mountains are better for the health. Oh, no, indeed! I do not climb, nor do I bicycle. There is nothing sensational about me when apart from stage-life. I cannot rave over the 'winners,' nor take any interest in cards; in fact, you see, 'Je suis une dame très paisible.'"

We were passing down a picturesque staircase overlooked by three magnificent paintings of Music in three phases—a female figure in bewitching blue drapery for the gay, in sombre black for tragedy, while purity was exploited by a saintly looking maiden in white.

"Au revoir" was waved with true Parisian grace, and the door closed upon one of the handsomest appartements of Paris, known as the "Model House" and photographed for reproduction in magazines of architecture and art. This is no mean compliment to the intellect of the architect, who is none other than Madame Yvette Guilbert.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF YVETTE GUILBERT.

Exclusive to "The Sketch."



"AH! GOOD-MORNING. SO YOU HAVE REALLY COME ALL THE WAY FROM LONDON TO PHOTOGRAPH ME?"



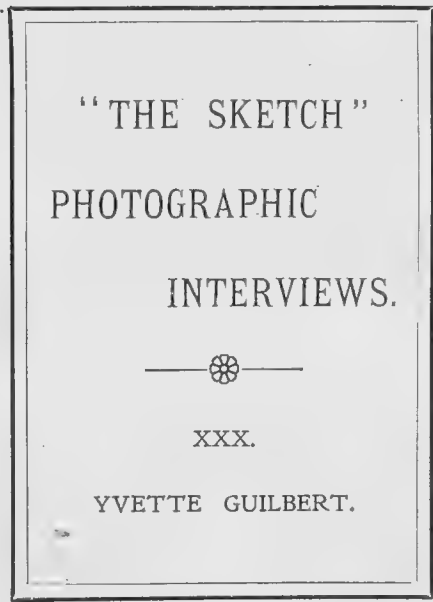
"HOW DELIGHTFUL! LET ME MAKE SURE THAT I HAVE NO OTHER ENGAGEMENT THIS MORNING."



"NO; I AM QUITE AT YOUR SERVICE. HOW DO YOU LIKE MY DRAWING-ROOM?"



"THIS GLASS BELONGED TO QUEEN HORTENSE. YOU HAD BETTER LOOK AT YOURSELF IN IT."



"HERE IS A PICTURE OF MYSELF—AS I USED TO BE."



"I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE READ MY BOOKS, BUT I WROTE THEM AT THIS DESK."



"THEY ENTERTAINED ME, BUT I THINK I LIKE OTHER PEOPLE'S BETTER."



"WHERE ARE YOU? OH, THIS IS THE WAY DOWN."

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXIV.—WHITTINGEHAME HOUSE, THE SCOTTISH SEAT OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

THAT he is able to spend only a few weeks out of each year at his beautiful place in East Lothian, Whittingehame House, must be one of the few regrets which add a slight flavour of bitterness to Mr. Balfour's great success in life. Born at Whittingehame in 1848, Mr. Balfour succeeded to the estate on the death of his father in 1856, and spent all his earliest years there under the care of his mother, Lady Blanche Balfour, a sister of the present Marquis of Salisbury. But since he went to Eton, he has seen less and less of Whittingehame; now that the weight of the first position in the

Beyond the library is the music-room; it will be remembered that Mr. Balfour is fond of music; there is a grand piano in his room in 10, Downing Street, and another in his study in Whittingehame House. The drawing-room is a fine room, but it calls for no special remark. In addition to these public rooms, there are the dining-room, newly panelled in oak, the smoking-room, with a marble bust of Mr. Gerald Balfour on the mantelpiece, and the billiard-room.

The two most interesting rooms in the house are Mr. Balfour's study and his sister Miss Alice Balfour's boudoir. As everybody knows, Mr. Balfour is a bachelor and his sister keeps house for him, looking after the comfort of her somewhat absent-minded brother with the utmost solicitude—to the smaller matters of life he is constitutionally indifferent.

On entering Mr. Balfour's study from the great corridor, one immediately notices two stands filled with golf-clubs—a clear indication of the Prime Minister's well-known partiality for the ancient and royal game. And just beyond the golf-clubs is the grand piano already referred to. Near the piano are boxes with "drums," or whatever they are called, used in that ingenious contrivance known as the pianola. And everywhere in the room—on the walls, on the tables, on the piano, on the chairs—are books. Above the mantelpiece is a Madonna of Raphael, but everywhere else there are on the walls only books.

On the right of the fireplace is Mr. Balfour's chair, a long, low easy-chair; above it is a silk-shaded bracket. A glance at Mr. Balfour's books is suggestive. In shelves close to his chair are the works of Rudyard Kipling (these are nearest his hand as he sits in his chair), Robert Louis Stevenson, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve; there are volumes in plenty of the poets, but the majority of the books are not of the class known as light literature. On a table near Mr. Balfour's chair is a copy of the review, *Mind*, which is not exactly light literature either, but sufficiently indicates the serious interest the Prime Minister takes in philosophical subjects.

Adjoining his study is his bedroom, almost as plainly furnished as a monk's cell. A short distance beyond that, again, is Miss Alice Balfour's boudoir, a charming and elegantly appointed room, on the walls of which are many delightful examples of her skill as an artist. Besides being an accomplished painter in water-colours, Miss Alice Balfour is an enthusiastic entomologist, and has many cabinets of specimens, most of which have been obtained from the grounds of Whittingehame House.



WHITTINGEHAME HOUSE: THE WEST FRONT.

Empire under the Crown rests upon his shoulders, he must find it difficult to visit it at all. Last autumn, however, he managed to divide a few weeks between Whittingehame and his favourite golf-links at North Berwick, which are some half-dozen miles apart.

Whittingehame, a fine and extensive estate consisting of upwards of twenty farms, lies in one of the best and most fertile districts of Scotland—East Lothian, or Haddingtonshire; it is about six miles from Haddington, the county town, world-famous as the birth-place of John Knox, and about twenty-three miles from the Scottish Capital. Mr. Balfour's grandfather, a cadet of the old Fifeshire family, the Balfours of Balbirnie, bought the property nearly ninety years ago with part of a great fortune he had acquired in India. At that time there was no mansion house on the estate, albeit there stood (and still stands) in the grounds an ancient tower, in former days a castle of the Douglasses so prominent in Scottish story—a tower associated with at least one dark and tragic passage in the life of Mary Queen of Scots.

Whittingehame House, Mr. Balfour's noble residence, was built in 1818 from designs by Smirke, the architect of the London Royal Exchange. It is of a light-grey sandstone, which looks as fresh to-day as when it was put up eighty-five years ago. The house is large, spacious, solid-looking; its length runs north and south, so that its main fronts face east and west. The east front is the more regular, being Grecian in style, but the west front, which Mr. Balfour shortly after attaining his majority did much to improve by the addition of a terrace, is the more pleasing.

The public rooms in Whittingehame House are, for the most part, large, in shape square or oblong, with lofty ceilings, and they are very light from the height of the windows. The large hall, usual in great houses, is absent, but there is a beautiful pillared corridor which pretty well bisects the building. The library is the largest room in the house—a magnificent chamber full of light and full of books—a splendid place for a lover of reading. Its walls are covered with many thousands of volumes, novels not excepted.



WHITTINGEHAME GLEN.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



WHITTINGEHAME HOUSE: MR. BALFOUR'S STUDY.



MISS BALFOUR'S BOUDOIR.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL are about to start a new series of books, entitled "The Woman's Library," edited by Ethel M. M. McKenna. The idea of the series is to produce bright and attractive volumes that will give women some idea of the various spheres which are open to them. The articles in different volumes are contributed by well-known authorities and are written in simple and direct language. The first two volumes, which will be issued in February, are "Education and Professions" and "Needle-work." In the former volume, high education is treated by Miss Janet Hogarth, Theatrical Life by Mrs. Kendal, Music by Madame Clara Butt, Artistic Faculty by Mrs. Jopling, Teaching by Miss Beatrice Orange, Women and Journalism by Miss Billington, Public Work by Miss Mabyn Armour, Medicine by Dr. Ethel Lamport. Among the other volumes of the series may be mentioned "The Nursery and Sick-Room," "Cookery and Housekeeping," "Some Arts and Crafts," and "The Lighter Branches of Agriculture." Each volume will contain some three hundred and fifty pages, and where necessity arises the work will be fully illustrated.

Maxwell Gray, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," has written a new novel, entitled "Richard Rosing."

Mr. William Le Queux has just completed a new novel, to be entitled "The Closed Book," the scene of which is laid in Italy.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish early in February Zola's last novel, "Truth." It is one of his longest books.

It is said that we are to have a new volume of stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the autumn. The central figure of the series is Mr. Pyecroft, the "naval Mulvaney."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new book, "The Adventures of Etienne Gerard," will be published early in May.

The next serial story in the *Monthly Review* will be from the pen of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch.

Mrs. Constance Giglioli's interesting work on "Naples in 1799" (Murray) deals with an epoch of Italian history which has not hitherto received the attention in this country which it undoubtedly deserves. The story of the Neapolitan Revolution of 1799 is romantic and picturesque in the extreme. A few high-minded patriots made a gallant attempt to drag their country from the mire of corruption and tyranny into which it had sunk. Unfortunately, the lazaroni had no great ambition to be free, and the result of the struggle was an aristocratic Republic, an erection of laths and plaster which rested on no foundation of popular approval and fell in pieces at the first determined onslaught. The patriots of 1799 were clean-handed and high-souled reformers, but they lived in castles in the air and were devoid of any qualities of practical statesmanship. The penalty they paid for their idealism was a terrible one. No sooner had the Parthenopean Republic fallen than the mob turned and rent their would-be saviours. The streets of Naples became the scene of a white Terror, in which women and children were tortured and men actually cooked and eaten. Mrs. Giglioli writes graphically and forcefully, and perhaps the most interesting part of her work is to be found in her pictures of some of the pathetic figures of the Revolution, such as Eleonora Pimentel and Lucia Sanfelice. As a contribution to the old controversies which gather round Nelson, "Naples in 1799" is somewhat disappointing. Mrs. Giglioli's judgments on Nelson's treatment of the Jacobins, for instance, are

distinctly curious, if not contradictory, and she omits to notice one or two important letters, but the whole book is eminently readable and interesting.

I hear, by the way, that a volume of valuable new Nelsoniana is to be issued in a few months which will explode a good many of the pet theories and arguments of certain historians.

I should not be at all surprised if "Thews of England," a collection of short stories by Patrick Vaux (Heinemann), achieved an outstanding success. It is just the book which might well sell by tens of thousands. That Mr. Vaux has been inspired by Kipling is obvious, and perhaps he owes his virile style in some measure to Stephen Crane and Joseph Conrad. But his stories—his character-sketches, rather—are something new in fiction. They bring the Navy and the naval officer very near to the reader. He tastes the salt, he knows the men—they are worth knowing, these men, these "whelps of the breed"—and he realises, he feels, he experiences the dangers, the excitements, the strain and stress, the magnificent heroism of naval war. The stories were worth writing and they are worth reading. As you read, you are proud, very proud, that "England is the sea's and the sea is England's." O. O.



STUDIES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.
IX. "THE GENERAL."

Shades of Longfellow, Whittier, Walt Whitman, and other Transatlantic songsters, tremble! America has discovered a new poet. Her name is Georgia Louise Wass, she is thirteen years old, and "hails" from Madison, in the State of Wisconsin. On the authority of the *Herald*, I learn that she has just published her second volume, which is called "Little Jewels." The same enterprising paper, keen to discover native genius and give it to a waiting world, publishes extracts from the verses, and by its excess of zeal gives the unfortunate little poet away. Here are two verses of what the paper calls "a poem on Lincoln"—

Lincoln was a great man,
He was very kind and good,
And when a young man
He had to split wood.

Lincoln had large feet,
And a large heart, too,
And large hands,
With them he hardly knew what to do.

Poor little Georgia Louise Wass! If she liked to write this childlike rubbish, why should her parents inflict the penalty of permanence upon it and lead papers that know no better to discover a "poet"? "Her every bit of verse is received with delight by her proud parents," says the paper from which I quote. Is "proud" the proper adjective here? In addition to her two published volumes of poems,

Miss Wass has "a large collection of manuscripts, the majority of which she considers unfinished."

"Penal Servitude" (Heinemann) is a book which will be read with interest by many who have had no experience of life within prison walls. "W. B. N." does not mince matters in the narrative of his enforced residence at Wormwood Scrubs and Parkhurst, and he awards praise or blame with the utmost impartiality to Judge, Governors, doctors, chaplains, and warders alike. There are chapters on prison punishments, suicides, "balmies," and "coppers" (spies and tale-bearers) which are well worth reading, and—curiously enough, coming from an ex-prisoner—a criticism of last year's report of the Commissioners of Prisons. The author bore his detention with happy philosophy, and the book contains touches of humour here and there which lighten the more sombre portions.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES.

By Miss Lizzie Caswall Smith, 309, Oxford Street, W.



MISS LILY BIRCHAM (SAVOY).

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES.

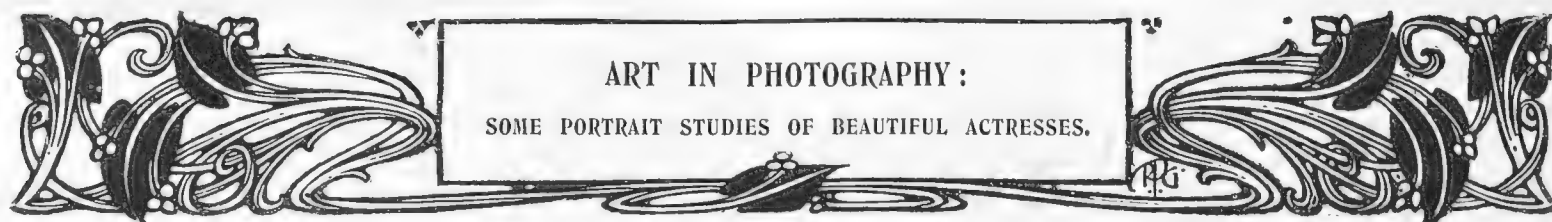


MISS SYBIL CARLISLE (DUKE OF YORK'S).

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES.



MISS LILY BRAYTON (HIS MAJESTY'S).



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES OF BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES.



MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE (ST. JAMES'S).

FIVE NEW BOOKS.

"OBSERVATIONS BY
MR. DOOLEY."
(Heinemann, 3s. 6d.)

"Mr. Dooley's" latest mine of witticisms yields an occasional gem, but the digging is difficult. We have had the gentleman's "Philosophy" at three-and-sixpence, his "Opinions" at three-and-sixpence, and now for a like sum we have his "Observations." Reckon up, if you are equal to the task, the sum-total of observations in the volume, use the result as divisor of forty-two pence, and the quotient will give approximately the average value of each of "Mr. Dooley's" wise saws. But, as we have hinted, amid much that is tedious it is possible here and there to laugh with and not at the inspired utterances from Archey Road, Chicago. "Mr. Dooley" observes with some insight Prince Henry on his visit to the United States. There are side-lights, too, on Prince Henry's illustrious brother, the best of which is given in answer to the benighted Hinnissy's inquiry as to whether the Prince is the "Impror's son or nevvew." "He never had any sons that I heard tell of," says Dooley. "If he had a son, he'd be a steam-ngine." The conception of the Prince under the figure of a fireman always at the Kaiser's call and ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice is tolerably amusing: "'Turn in the alarm for Hinnery,' says the Impror, and Hinnery slides down the pole, an' th' Impror says: 'Brother, catch th' night boat fr' America and pay a visit to whatevver King they have there.'" This, in its way, is all very amusing. Less happy is "Mr. Dooley" in his account of King Edward's Coronation, which gives one the impression that the writer has deliberately sat down to be funny. The outcome is exactly what might be expected. The neatest hit is the list of loans from America for the proper celebration of the event. Andrew Carnegie lent the British public Westminster Abbey, decorated with tapestries lent by Pierpont Morgan. Yerkes lent the streets, Frohman the theatres, and so forth. On "The End of the War" his deliverance to Mr. Hennessy is: "The part that ye see in the pitcher pa-pers is over, but the tax-collector will continyoo his part iv th' war with relentless fury"—an observation which the British householder already accounts a truism. On the whole, the book, with its overdone phonetic orthography, makes hard reading.

"THE SHUTTERS OF
SILENCE."
By G. B. BURGIN.
(John Long, 6s.)

Mr. Burgin's story is the story of an innocent abroad, but an innocent differing entirely from the beings of the great American humorist's brain. In the place of Mark Twain's historic creations, we have the dual personality—mental, not bodily—of Colombe, lay brother of the Trappists, a dreamer in a house of dreamers, and Harry Winchester, a modern moving amongst moderns. A love-child, sent to Canada by his mother and deserted by those in whose charge he had been placed, Mr. Burgin's hero, a boy of eleven, finds succour in the Trappist Monastery at Mahota and "The Shutters of Silence" fall behind him, to be raised after seven years by his father, who brings him out into the world—a human anachronism, mediævalism in tweeds. The sudden change from the life of asceticism to the life of plenty; the continuous conflict between the purely spiritual and the essentially material; the gradual realisation of the ethics of existence as commonly understood in the present century; the budding of the barren winter of the heart into spring and its blossoming into summer under the influence of a woman's love, form the essence of a novel that, if it will not rank with the master-pieces of fiction, is, nevertheless, sound and entertaining. The majority of the remaining characters—the worldly and repentant mother who marries the father of her boy on his death-bed, the Countess of doubtful character and soft heart, the cynical and fond father, the sweetly friendly *ingénue* and her mother, and the priggish young Baronet-rival—are formed in the moulds common to all writers of fiction, but, at the same time, have some of the distinction of the hand which gives the finishing touches to the rough cast, and fill useful places in the narrative. It is, however, upon the creation of Harry Winchester, and of Harry Winchester alone, that the popularity of the novel will rest, and it is undoubtedly an excellent foundation.

"ROUND THE HORN BEFORE
THE MAST."
By BASIL LUBBOCK.
(Murray, 8s.)

Entirely devoid of literary pretensions, Mr. Basil Lubbock's "Round the Horn Before the Mast" is fascinating as a human document. The book, with its harsh realism, is one which will make any boy who reads it think twice before he runs away to sea; but if, after reading it, a lad still cries "Hurrah for the life of a sailor," then his calling is undeniable, and his parents and guardians will incur a grave responsibility if they hold him back from going down to the sea in ships. Mr. Lubbock's book ought, indeed, to be made the touchstone of the would-be mariner's vocation. The author, after roughing it

in the Klondyke, shipped as an ordinary seaman at San Francisco on board the four-masted sailing-vessel *Royalshire*, homeward bound with grain. The ship, one of the finest of her class, was, as things go, fairly well officered, and the crew, mostly a wild, scratch lot, were not so hardly treated as is too often the case. But frequently the writer's jerky sentences depict a tale of hardship that almost takes away the landsman's breath. Still, the amateur seaman and old Etonian who writes the story took the rough with the smooth in that fine spirit of hardihood which has made our mercantile marine the thing it is. The fight that brings a vessel round the Horn is a game for heroes, and, in spite of danger, cold, meagre food, and decks ever awash, the author gloried in the sport. Not all the company were as fit as he, and the sufferings of broken and aged men among the crew make terrible reading. Mr. Lubbock's fine sympathy with his messmates is one of the charms of his book, and, while he treats with a just hand the brutalities of the fore-castle, his attitude is scarcely that of Mr. Bullen, who, with all his realism, is ever the moralist. The book, for all its defects of style and its inexperienced repetitions, is one to be read, and cannot fail to promote a kindlier understanding of our too little recognised toilers of the deep.

"THE WIFE SEALERS."
By LOUIS C. ALEXANDER.
(Grant Richards, 6s.)

In this amazing book there was good opportunity for a clever satire on the "running after strange gods" of the present-day Athenians. The idea, as evolved by the author, has its possibilities of humour, but, despite the fact that we are sure Mr. Louis Alexander is trying most desperately hard to be humorous, the fact remains that he lamentably fails. Here's the *clou* of the story—the sudden appearance of the doctor-prophet known as "The Master," thoroughly believing in himself, but run by two practical, hard-headed men of business and invention, who make the most of such a golden opportunity as this magnetic dreamer gives them. A fabulous fortune is created by the wife-sealing scheme. "The celibate, the lone, the loveless, the unmated and mismated" in this world can become, by a simple formality, the astral wives of "The Master"—or, as "The Judge" himself most likely would have explained it, they hold, in fact, a kind of promissory note to be cashed in the hereafter. In the meantime, Ellie, the practical American girl, secures him as her very tangible, terrestrial husband, and the thought of those astral wives doesn't trouble her any! Nine-tenths of the book is composed of outlandish oaths and extraordinary American slang, and that portion which is intelligible to the ordinary English reader, namely, the tedious accounts of the wife-sealing ceremonial and various meetings, creates a weariness of spirit beyond description.

"THE CIRCLE."
By KATHERINE CECIL
THURSTON.
(Blackwood, 6s.)

The title is taken from the quotation: "In youth, we dream that life is a straight line; later, we know it to be a circle in which the present presses on the future, the future on the past." When Anna Solny deserted her home, she tried to forget the old curiosity-shop in which she had spent her childhood, her father, who seemed to place her second to Merovingian manuscripts, and poor, deformed Johann, whose life she had saved and who worshipped her. Under the skilful guidance of Mrs. Maxstead, "the woman who had a capacity for exploiting clever people," Solny, the celebrated actress, achieved this temporary forgetfulness. Once again she essayed to bury her personality, and allowed Maurice Strode to woo and win her under yet another disguise; and so it happened that it was her lover who proved to her that "the future presses on the past," for he told her her own life-story, bereft of extenuating circumstances and seen through the cold eye of impartiality. "Doesn't it sound incredible?" he concluded. "This woman, on the right side of the world, without a wish that she can't gratify, and down in the slummy South-East the old father dragging out the worst sort of existence; the man who cares for her working day after day in a musty little shop and thinking that there's nothing better in life than to pray to her as if she were a saint. . . . A sin of impulse one can forgive, but cool, considered selfishness is a brand." Yet, when he came to know that thus he had judged the woman he loved, man-like, Maurice could not see beyond the fact that, right or wrong, she belonged to him, and from that moment things, of course, tend to a happy ending. Mrs. Thurston has an eye for a dramatic situation, and, although the material is slight, her dialogue, if now and then a little stagey, is good and can boast distinct originality. The book is sufficiently above the average to make one look forward with interest to further writing from the same pen.

CHARACTERS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



VII.—ROSALIND.

"GOOD MY COMPLEXION! DOST THOU THINK, THOUGH I AM CAPARISONED LIKE A MAN, I HAVE A DOUBLET
AND HOSE IN MY DISPOSITION?"

LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



1.—"LIKE MASTER."



THE "BREAD-GIVER."

By NORA CHESSON.

The meadow-lands are white with snow,
 Along the hedgerows robins go,
 And find no food save holly red
 Wherewith their hunger may be fed.
 But here comes one with daily bread
 For hungry bird-friends sore-bested;
 In scarlet cloak and scarlet gown,
 My Lady Fan has hurried down,
 And bread-crumbs mark the way she goes
 Across the dimples of the snows.

Her way is hailed with robin-notes,
 Pealed from a hundred rapturous throats,
 So glad they are their friend to see
 Come o'er the white snow daintily.
 By frozen ditch and shining pool
 She steps, till hands that were so full
 Go empty back into her muff,
 For four such small hands big enough.
 She shakes the crumbs from her gown's hem,
 And curtsies her farewell to them—
 Those hedgerow creatures hunger holds
 In fingers crueller than the cold's.

The poplars held their snow-drifts fast,
 Lest they should chill her as she passed,
 The snow-drifts dimpled up to greet
 The passing of her nimble feet.
 On her kind errand as she went,
 The elm-trees blessing her down bent,
 And every frozen twig would claim
 A glance as Lady Fanny came
 Across the uplands white with snows,
 'Mid frosted fields a winter rose.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE BANK LOAN.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.



Bernard Riordan was the untidiest mortal in the parish of Balinacapple. Of course, people excused him, if they were very soft-

hearted, on the plea that he'd grown up by himself in that "disolited house of his," and had never a woman to put in a stitch for him nor to see that he went out tidy even on a Sunday. Bernard's mother had died when he was a child.

It was a pity he should be such a scarecrow, the neighbours were agreed, seeing that he was a fine, straight, clean-limbed fellow, the very cut of an athlete. Indeed, it was only in his football jersey he showed to advantage. He wasn't dirty, because he was a great swimmer, and, careless as he was, he would run a razor over his face once a week, at least. But the forlorn clothes of him! His curls peeped out through a hole in his *caubeen*; when he lifted his arms, the rags hung from them like the scarecrows' in the fields. His stockings had hardly more than legs to them. In fact, he was barely decent, so ragged was he.

His farm showed the same raggedness of aspect as himself. Hedges were unclipped; gates swung loose on their hinges; thistles and ragweeds grew where they oughtn't; his very bits of cattle had staring coats; his oats grew more in patches than his neighbours'.

It wasn't as if the man drank, said the neighbours who sat in judgment upon him. Bernard had no vices. He was a merry, gentle, laughing philosopher. He liked to take his ease and dream his dreams while he sucked at the little black pipe. What though he grew poorer and poorer every year! It would last his time, he said, and there was no one to come after him. There were fearsome stories told of the condition of his house. Few penetrated it; it was only a sort of roof for Bernard of nights. He carried the key in his pocket all day; he was essentially a lover of the fields and the open air.

One person had remonstrated gravely with him on his feckless ways. This was Mr. Morris, the travelling organiser of the Board of Agriculture, who explained Agricultural Banks and the desirability of new seeds and implements, new stock and new ways, to the conservative people. He had routed them out of their conservatism too, for they were quick-witted and could see an advantage when it was set before their eyes.

Mr. Morris had taken an odd fancy to Bernard Riordan. As a matter of fact, they were kindred spirits. Both were dreamers of dreams, seers of visions. Only, as it happened, some tricky fairy at Mr. Morris's christening had dropped a little measure of practical wisdom into the child's cup. So it was that the Board found his services invaluable. He won the people's confidence by having so much in common with them; and, when he had won it, he appealed to the little kernel of common-sense that lay wrapped away amid their impracticable ways.

He had remonstrated with Bernard, telling him what could be made of the farm. Bernard had invited him to a seat on the grassy bank which he himself occupied.

"Sit down here, sir," he said, "and let us talk of ghosts and fairies. It'll last my time."

"Why shouldn't you marry," asked the organiser, "and have a son to leave the farm to?"

"I'm no more made that way thin yourself," said Bernard, with a cunning look at him. "I like women, but not to marry them."

The organiser blushed. As a matter of fact, he had disconcerted all his friends by taking a wife to himself in the most unexpected way, and when he was at home he was as much interested in the details of a baby's upbringing as he was even in Agricultural Banks.

"Very well," he said, resignedly. "Let us talk of ghosts and fairies."

And talk they did till dusk fell on the fields and a young moon wheeled up in the south-eastern sky, and it was time for Bernard to go back to his dark house and the squalid discomfort in which he yet was able to dream his dreams and be merry.

So he would doubtless have gone on to the end, or died before he ought from a neglected cold or some such thing, if Susy Whelan hadn't risen on his horizon, beautiful as the Morning Star. As a matter of fact, the girl had come to live with her uncle, Myles Whelan, and his wife, who had the village shop.

Bernard saw her first at Mass one morning, and, his eye's happening to rest on her by accident, he received such a shock that he felt as though his very rags must have quivered in the sight of all the folk about him.

He put his face down in his hands after that. His visions included saints and angels and even Higher Persons, as well as ghosts and fairies, and he had a great capacity for reverence. But, try as he would, he could not concentrate his thoughts on his prayers after that momentary glimpse.

When Mass was over, he hastened out of the church and back along the road to his own house, not waiting for any of those long, leisurely chats on the road home which were his delight. He was afraid that Myles Whelan might overtake him and slap him on the back, as he was used to, and that the eyes which he had not seen, but conjectured, in Susy's pure, fastidious face might roam over his own person with a surprised and disgusted air.

Till he was in his wretched kitchen he had no leisure to think. Then, before setting the potatoes among the ashes to roast and the tea-pot beside them, he sat down and stared at his muddy boots despondently. He really did not see them. He was contemplating that spotless little person with the fair hair like satin waving back under the neat little black bonnet, with the clean, fresh gown of lavender print, a bunch of pansies in the bosom of it, the gloves, the pretty lace tie—all the little daintinesses which made Susy something quite different from other maidens of her class.

He had taken in Susy's appearance with an extraordinary eye for its detail. Fortunately, he had been in a dim corner, and her gaze, even if it had not been fixed religiously on the altar, would hardly have discovered him. At the thought that she might have, his forehead broke out in a cold sweat. For the first time his dreams and illusions had deserted him; for the first time he saw himself in rags and squalor, living like the beast. It was extraordinary how the sight of the satin-cheeked, silk-headed girl had broken his old world to pieces.

For a time he contemplated the toes of his boots. Then he drew himself suddenly alert. A look of fixed determination came into his face, and one might have seen of a sudden that the face was made for action, by whatever accident inertness had taken it for its own. He had washed his face that morning and had shaved, so that its well-cut outline was unimpeded by a week's growth of beard. His dark-blue eyes, his wholesome, ruddy complexion, his slightly curling dark hair, belonged to a handsome fellow. The fact was borne in on him even though the bit of looking-glass which he at last unearthed was by no means a flatterer. If he were like other men—he had been wont to pride himself on not being like other men—he would have a chance with Susy.

He spoke something out aloud as he stood up, with a motion of his arms and body as though he would shed the old foul rags, something that was in the nature of an oath that he would be another man than he had been, in order to win Susy Whelan.

It was Sunday, a day he usually spent in the fields, sucking his black pipe and contemplating the works of God in a spirit not so unlike that of the hermits of old. This Sunday—wonder of wonders!—after he had eaten his wretched meal, he began to tidy up. In the kitchen there was the accumulation of years of rubbish, a perfect mountain of it. He began to clear it away with feverish energy, turning the contents almost bodily out into the yard. When he had the place comparatively clear, he looked around him.

"It'd be a deal better for a coat o' whitewash," he said; "an', sure, soap an' water hasn't been on it these thirty years."

Suddenly he flung up his hat with a boyish shout. "Mary

Maclean," he said; "I never thought o' Mary Maclean, yet she's the very woman for me."

Mrs. Maclean was a somewhat dour widow who had married a North of Ireland man and spent her married life in Ulster. After she had been widowed she returned to her native place with "notions" about thrift and cleanliness which made her generally unpopular in Ballinacapple. She was a kinswoman of Bernard Riordan, and had an odd liking for him despite his ways, which she abhorred. She would defend him, indeed, against herself, saying that he wasn't any worse than others that had less reason, and so on.

The day after that fateful Sunday, Bernard interviewed Mrs. Maclean in her spotless cottage, which he had been used to feel a cold kind of habitation. Now, it was himself that was the blot on the white floor, against the white walls, with the little, bright windows full of musk and fuchsias and vinegar plants, gay with pictures of saints and patriots.

"I don't know what you're doin' it for," said Mary Maclean, austere—she would have scorned to ask—"but I know it's time for it to be done, and I'm the woman to help you."

Bernard's farm was a lonely spot under the mountains, little visited. Day after day Mrs. Maclean trudged there in the early hours of the morning, returned late at night. She was a silent person and little likely to satisfy people's curiosity about her business, if anybody had manifested it. But, as a matter of fact, she came and went practically unnoticed.

If it had got out in Ballinacapple that Bernard Riordan was buying soap and soda and scrubbing-brushes at the shop, curiosity would have been all agog. But Mary managed that for him. The opinion of Ballinacapple was that Mary 'ud scrub the house from under her and the face off herself one of these days, so any eccentricities on her part were safe to pass unnoticed.

In fact, the real transformation of the place had been accomplished before, one day, an urchin rushed into the forge at the cross-roads just outside Ballinacapple village with the news that Barney Riordan was mending his gates; that his house was new whitewashed and bits o' curtains at the windows, the yard cleaned up, and a hape o' rubbidge as big as Slievemore over there was burnin' itself away at a safe distance from the house.

"The man's goin' to be married," said the serious wag of the company.

"He's in all his ould rags an' tatters, just the same as ever," said the urchin.

"I thought there was somethin' up wid him," said the smith. "He does be terrible unsociable this while back."

"When Barney Riordan is gettin' tidy," said another, "it must be the change before death is on him."

At this very moment Mary Maclean was drawing the hood of her cloak over her white cap in Bernard Riordan's kitchen, preparatory to going home. Her eye roamed about it in justifiable pride. No one could have recognised it for the same place. It was whitewashed, the floor of red tiles was ochred over, the grate had been polished up, the windows shone. It was not ill-furnished, either. The rubbish had yielded up some unexpected treasures. It was the same all over the house. The good furniture in which Barney's mother had taken pride had emerged unharmed from its disguise of dirt. The place had become a quite presentable farm-house.

"I'm obliged to you, Mary," said Bernard, with awkward gratitude.

"You came to the right woman," replied Mrs. Maclean. "I didn't forget the good turn your mother did me long ago; and I could put elbow-grease into the work, not like these sluts in Ballinacapple. And now, Barney Riordan"—she fixed a compelling eye upon him—"the least you can do is to tell me who is the girl."

Bernard stammered, tried hard to deny, finally yielded to the compelling eye and confessed.

As his confession came out Mary Maclean's jaw dropped.

"Why, you misfortunate fellow," she said, "don't you know that her match is to be made to-morrow night wid ould Tom Dempsey of the Grange?"

For the one and only time in his life Bernard's face lost its ruddy tints; then they returned, dark and threatening.

"I'd kill Tom Dempsey," he said, "ere ever he laid a hand on her. I would, so help me—!"

"What nonsense have you?" said the widow, rather scandalised. A passion like this was beyond her comprehension and experience. "Sure, you only seen the little girl once."

"I'll kill him before ever he gets her," repeated Bernard, with a glowering eye.

"Sure, why wouldn't you get her yourself?" asked the widow, suddenly hopeful. "You're young and handsome. Not that a girl of sense 'ud be mindin' that. But the farm's not bad if it's worked properly. If you'd a clane shirt an' a new shuit o' clothes—I seen a beautiful shuit hangin' in Molony's shop the last day I was in Kilcashed—'t would make another man of you."

Bernard's face lightened and darkened.

"It 'ud cost money," he said, "an' I haven't a shillin' in the stockin', an' where to borry I don't know. Sure, everyone's poor at this time before the harvest."

"The time's short," said the widow; "still——" She thought a minute. "I have it!" she said, exultantly. "Borry it of the Bank. It meets to-night."

"The Bank? 'Tis for givin' money for seeds an' ploughs an' the

like. Mr. Morris wanted me to borry to stock the land; but I said it 'ud do my time. They don't lend money to buy clothes."

"They might if 'twas put to them. If I was you, I'd clane my face an' steele up to the town an' ask them. If you got the money to-morrow mornin', you could get the shuit in Kilcashed an' spoil ould Dempsey's match before the day was over."

Barney attended the meeting of the Ballinacapple Agricultural Bank and made his application. At first, it was looked upon with disfavour by the Board of small farmers; but Barney, grown crafty through love, discovered the plea that moved them.

"The girl has a tidy bit of her own," he said. "It'll stock the land for me. She wouldn't look at me if she saw me in my rags. She'll take me in the new clothes."

The "bit" prevailed where more sentimental reasons would have failed. Bernard Riordan was voted a loan of four pounds for clothes and accessories, and went home full of trembling hope.

He was standing outside the door of Molony's shop in Kilcashed as soon as the shutters were taken down the next morning. He was back in his own house by twelve o'clock, with his big brown-paper parcel.

That evening in the parlour behind Whelan's shop the match-making was in progress. Old Dempsey, a wizened little yellow man of about sixty-five, was sitting at the table facing Myles Whelan. There were tumblers and a bottle of whisky between them, and a friend of old Dempsey's, who was acting as match-maker, was hovering uneasily between the two men, making such suggestions from time to time as were likely to facilitate the bargain.

The girl whose match was being made sat by the window, looking out somewhat drearily over the little, neglected garden at the back, which had more of the debris of the shop in it than it had flowers. Mrs. Whelan stood partly behind her husband's chair, looking at the would-be bridegroom with an unfriendly gaze. He had shown a tightness, a graspingness, about the bargain which had affronted her. Otherwise she saw nothing to object to in the union of December and May, nor the manner of the making. Her own match had been made for her; and where was there a kinder man than Myles? And if Dempsey was a bit ould, wouldn't the girl have everything a girl could want? She could choose for herself the next time, thought the good woman, cynically. She had her hand on her husband's shoulder. Now and again Myles's face would darken at some greedy exaction of the suitor. The atmosphere was electrical, though, for all the girl at the window heeded, it might have been smoothness itself. They were selling and buying her like a heifer. It was the custom of the country, and she would no more have thought of protesting against it than against the will of God for her.

Suddenly into the intimate group came an uninvited guest—Barney Riordan. Yes, it was Barney, though no one would have known him, in a smart grey suit and a new hat, with a crimson tie oddly becoming to the dark, soft, handsome fellow.

Every face was turned towards him.

"Don't be blamin' Andy," he said, quietly. (Andy was the youth behind the counter.) "He told me yous were busy, but I thought I had a word to say in it. Myles Whelan, will ye have me for a husband for your niece? Ye'll never regret it, an' she'll never regret it. The land's good land. I'm going to do by it as I ought to."

The girl at the window looked at him like Andromeda at her deliverer. As it happened, Bernard had arrived at the psychological moment. Old Dempsey had just demanded Mrs. Whelan's best feather-bed as a part of her niece's dowry. Down went Myles Whelan's fist with a great clang among the tumblers.

"Dang it!" he said, "let the girl speak for herself. I'm sick o' the business. An' the world knows, Barney Riordan, that you nayther drink nor play cards, that the farm's a good one, an' you only want the bit o' go to make a man o' you. What do you say, Susy? Will you have th' ould man here that's for emptyin' the house before he'll take you, or will you have Barney Riordan?"

Bernard Riordan turned the most shy, love-litten face towards Susy. Mrs. Whelan saw the expression, and her woman's heart became suddenly soft and kind within her.

"Sure, she'll have Barney," she began. "An' the sooner some other trash, I could name takes itself out o' my house——"

Mr. Dempsey was scrambling to his feet, his little pigs' eyes aglow with indignation.

"Where I'd never have come if you hadn't invited me, Ma'am," he was saying, with resentment.

But Barney had stepped up to Susy's chair, and, leaning over her, he was between her and the company.

"It's 'yes,' darlin', isn't it?" he whispered.

No one was more delighted over Barney's reclamation than Mr. Morris, whose affection for Barney enlarged itself to take in Mrs. Barney.

"At the same time," he would say, laughing, "that transaction with the Bank was quite irregular. We don't give loans for clothes. Still, the result has certainly justified the departure. And if you want another loan—those bullocks are beautiful, Barney—for a legitimate purpose, you can have it."

"Sure, isn't she like a flower?" asked Barney, looking delightedly at his wife. "An' where would flowers grow but in gardens? 'Tis a garden I'll be makin' the place for her an' keepin' it."

"Long may your garden grow!" returned the organiser. "It's well for us, Barney, that we still have flowers to make gardens for."

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IT has often been observed by those who make it a rule to study such matters that dramatic productions crop up in batches. This is especially the case with adaptations of novels and romances. To go back for examples only a few years, I may quote the numerous dramatisations of "Trilby," "The Three Musketeers," the "Tale of Two Cities," and "Vanity Fair," and the numerous dramas based in London and the provinces upon the life and adventures of Mistress Nell Gwynne.

And now there are not wanting indications of adaptations from the works of other story-tellers. In two especial cases the new batches of dramatised novels would more particularly seem to be likely to affect Mr. Beerbohm Tree. For example, that Actor-Manager's sometime promised stage version of Tolstoi's great story, "Resurrection," has, I find, stirred up sundry other adapters to adapt this story both in England and America, from which latter country, of course, Mr. Tree's version comes, via France. Indeed, it seems likely, from evidence before me, that Tolstoi "Resurrection" plays are about to be prepared wholesale, retail, and for exportation, to say nothing of those which are about to be imported.

The second case in which extensive adaptation of a certain novel is likely to concern a venture of Mr. Tree is with regard to the new adaptation of "Oliver Twist," which, as he told me just as we had gone to press last week, he had, at that very moment, decided to commission Mr. Comyns Carr to adapt for him. Mr. Tree has quite suddenly conceived a fancy to play Fagin in an "Oliver Twist" play, and hence this Comyns Carr commission. That Mr. Tree will make an excellent Fagin may readily be judged from his acting of such powerful Jew characters as Svengali in "Trilby," and the "introduced" Hebrew, Issachar, in Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's powerful drama based upon Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia." But whether a story so sordid in all its wonderfully worked details as "Oliver Twist" can be made sufficiently varied to suit the patrons of His Majesty's must, of course, depend upon Mr. Comyns Carr.

Well, as I was about to say, even Mr. Tree's "Oliver Twist" play is, I find, to have rivals, although, of course, in a far lesser degree. As a matter of fact, I have just this moment left certain folk who are not utterly unconnected with a new Limited Liability Company or "Syndicate" expressly formed for the exploitation of certain stories by Dickens. These latest dramas from the so-often-dramatised Dickens will, I already find, include plays based on the aforesaid "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," and "Barnaby Rudge," with, in all probability, the last-named to appear first.

As to the "multiplication of copies" of novels by means of dramatisations—the kind of "multiplication" forbidden in the famous

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" case—this can in no wise apply either to Tolstoi's "Resurrection" or Dickens's "Oliver Twist." The latter has been "out of copyright" for some years, and Tolstoi (as many *Sketch* readers doubtless know) always religiously refuses to retain any copyright in his works.

It so happens that my very next theatrical paragraph must also be concerned with an important novelist, namely, my old young friend, Mr. Israel Zangwill. I have to say, then, that a comparatively small tragedy of his, cheerfully entitled "The Moment of Death; or, The Never-Never Land," will in due course be produced at the West-End by Mr. Herbert Sleath, who will be responsible (with Mr. Lilford

Arthur as his business-manager) for the first English production of Mr. Edgar Selwyn's new play, "The Adoption of Archibald," at the Avenue next Friday.

Messrs. Harrison and Maude inform me that, verifying a *Sketch* prediction of a good while ago, they will, for their next venture after "The Unforeseen," start at the Haymarket another Old Comedy season, beginning with "The Clandestine Marriage," by David Garrick and George Colman the Elder. I am informed, however, that this Old Comedy cannot be done for at least six weeks or so.

It was decided that the opening of the new Criterion should take place yesterday (Tuesday), but now the triple management, namely, Messrs. Frank Curzon, Charles Frohman, and Arthur Chudleigh, have found it necessary to postpone this interesting event until next Tuesday, the 10th inst., when, of course, what some call the "inaugural" attraction will be Mr. R. C. Carton's new comedy, "A Clean Slate." Gallery-goers, hitherto a very faithful little band at this theatre, will, no doubt, be sorry to learn that, owing to

certain new London County Council regulations ("requisitions" is the word, methinks), there will be no gallery at the New Criterion.

Three new plays may anon be expected from America. One is by Mr. Haddon Chambers, and is entitled "A Comedy of Manners." Another is a new comic opera called "Pretty Peggy," and the other is "The Billionaire," which has just been successfully tried in New York. In this play it is Americanly reported that Mr. Seymour Hicks will appear.

Whether a Royal name or not be given in due course to the new street which is to lead from Holborn to the Strand, I learn that something of a Royal title will be given to Mr. E. G. Saunders's new theatre which is to be built in that new street hard by the New Gaiety. Mr. Saunders had certainly not, at the moment of going to press, decided upon the actual name of his new Strand-ward theatre, but I think I may safely say (after conversation with him) that it will be either "The Queen's" or "The Monarch."

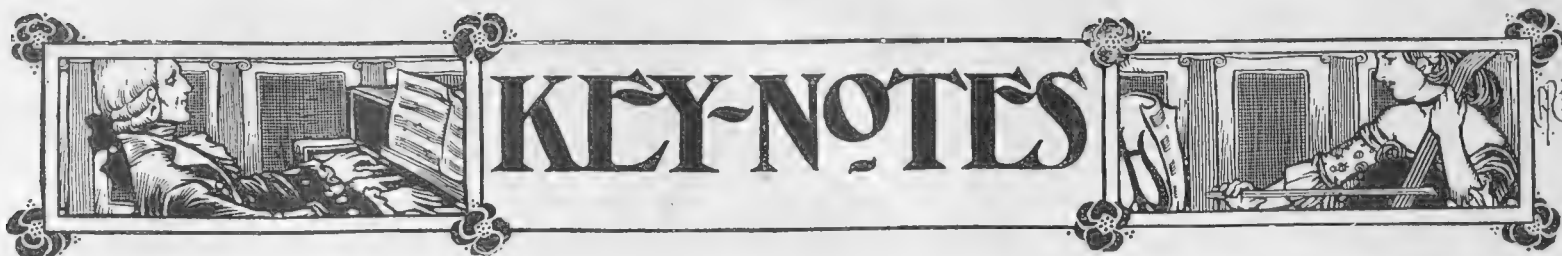


MAV.

FLORA.

THE SISTERS HENGLER, AMERICAN VAUDEVILLE ARTISTES, NOW APPEARING AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by the Tonnele Company, New York.



THESE are truly few composers now living in England, who also have the English feeling of music running in their veins, more seriously thoughtful and at the same time more delightfully and determinately frivolous than is Mr. Edward German. With a sense of successorship that is wholly commendable and yet at the same time is wholly personal to himself, his score of "A Princess of Kensington" combines the two qualities of originality and imitation. Let me hasten to say that I do not, for a moment, accuse Mr. German of deliberate mimicry—he has far too much personality for that; but even as people, in the days of superstition and of dreams, said that an elder master might leave his robe to the individual most near to his heart, so it may be that the mantle of one may fall upon the mantle of another, in the thought of the inheritors of superstition, even in the present day. Mr. German writes both with spirit and with distinction. His scoring is full of concentrated humour, and his melody is invariably pleasing in its lesser moments, while it is charming in its higher flights. It is all very well for people to talk about the lowering of a musician to the level of a production which involves a literary sense of humour; but, unless you are a Wagner and are capable of writing a "Meister-singer," you must be an Arthur Sullivan (the composer of "The Grand Duke" and What-Not) or an Edward German, the musician in direct succession to Sullivan's line. To those who are inclined to look upon such a question as one not rational, one not to be seriously considered, we would recommend the thought that too much of modern feeling may very often blind the brain to a somewhat wanton sense of the past. The best of the "Present and the Future"—in the old

Schoolmen's phrase—remains for all time as a permanent thing, as a linked certainty of the higher aspiration. They are, in fact, really one thing; and the consideration of such a fact as a new Savoy production, so long as it appeals sentimentally both to the heart and to the mind, may make one realise the fact that time runs round in a circle. We parody Todhunter *passim* in saying that without such a consideration the science of bicycling would be impossible and the rotundity of the earth would never have been a proven fact. COMMON CHORD.

Miss Ida Parkinson Taylor, whose violin recital is announced to take place at the Bechstein Hall to-day, is a pupil of Professor August Wilhelm. It is now some two years since this young violinist

made a most successful début at the Steinway Hall, and the great promise which she then displayed has since been amply fulfilled. Miss Parkinson Taylor has shown wisdom in her excellent choice of artists who

assist her at her concert. Miss Marguerite Elzy, the pianiste, who won such golden opinions at the Kocian Recitals and other concerts last season, and Mr. Charles Tree, the popular baritone, are both announced as taking part in a most attractive programme.

Herr Fritz Kreisler, violinist, was born in Vienna in 1875, his father being a physician in practice there. At the early age of four, Kreisler played the violin, and was sent to the Vienna Conservatoire to study under Hellmesberger. At the age of ten he gained the Gold Medal (First Prize). From there he proceeded to Paris to continue his studies under Massart, and left at the age of twelve (having gained the First Prize and the Prix de Rome, which means two thousand five hundred francs for three years in succession) to study in Italy. At the expiration of those three years he started giving concerts, and played throughout the United States with Rosenthal. He next spent four years at the Gymnasium, and subsequently two years at the University with the object of studying medicine, but found that music and science would not run together. His first appearance in London was in May last, at the Richter Concerts, when he played the Beethoven Concerto with such enormous success that he was at once engaged to play at the next concert conducted by Dr. Richter; this is the only time that an artist has been engaged twice for these concerts. Herr Kreisler has also recently had the honour of playing to their Majesties at Buckingham Palace, and there is not a shadow of doubt that he stands in the foremost rank of violinists.

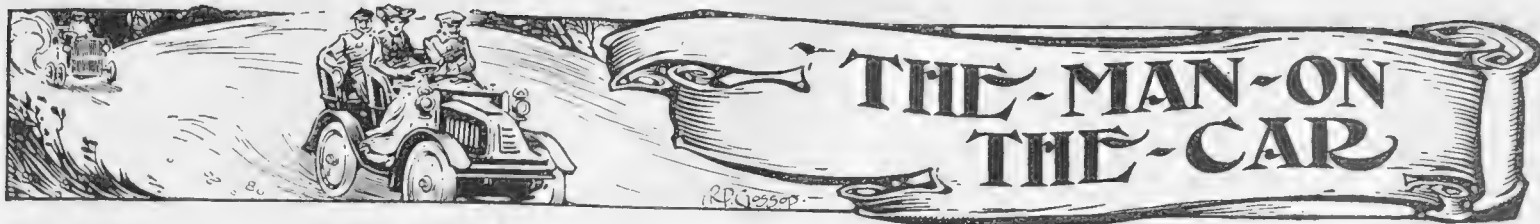


HERR FRITZ KREISLER.—DRAWN BY EDWARD KING.



MISS IDA PARKINSON TAYLOR.

Photograph by Catherine Edmonds, Westbourne Green.



The Gordon Bennett Race—The Crystal Palace Exhibition—Clothes for Motorists.

THE agitation in prosecution by the Automobile Club to obtain the support of all Ireland to the holding of the Gordon Bennett race in that country goes merrily on. In addition to that of the Irish Members of Parliament, the Club is invoking the aid of County and District Council Chairmen, County Secretaries, Mayors and Clerks of Boroughs, Town Commissioners, and other minor officials who can by hook or crook be expected to give the proposal a leg-up at home or abroad. More than that, the Club is most wisely asking for the assistance of all the parish priests through whose cures the course runs. As we say, herein the Club shows much discernment, for wherever an Irish priest is met, there a good sportsman is encountered, and from these Fathers of their Flocks strenuous support to so sporting an event may be expected. The replies already received from the Irish Members of Parliament number no less than forty-nine, all promising the strongest support to the proposed Bill to legalise the race. The Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, more power to him, has written declaring himself an ardent advocate of the proposed route for the Gordon Bennett Cup, 1903. The Bishop says, further, that all the towns and most of the rural districts passed through are situated in his diocese, and he has no hesitation in asserting that the proposal will be received with acclamation along the whole line of the route.

Nor is this all. Members of the Magistracy and landed gentry of the country, including General Sir John Doran, K.C.B.; the Hon. David Fitzgerald, Chairman Quarter Sessions, Queen's County; Mr. Albert H. Tyndal, High Sheriff for the County of Wexford; Colonel Hugh H. Stewart, High Sheriff for County Tyrone; Captain J. E. Richardson, J.P., Deputy-Lieutenant, County Monaghan; and Colonel Robert Cosby, Vice-Lieutenant, Queen's County, have all promised to sign the petition in favour of the Bill. The leading officials, chairmen, secretaries, clerks, and the like, of no less than fifteen public bodies have notified their approval. And, to take the first last, the Earl of Courtown, the Earl of Munster, the Duke of Abercorn, the Earl of Mayo, Earl Annesley, the Marquis of Ely, Lord Massy, D.L., J.P., Sir Gilbert King, Bart., Sir Algernon Coote, Premier Baronet of Ireland, and Sir Anthony A. Weldon, Bart., D.S.O., D.L., J.P., pledge themselves to do their best. And all this almost before the proposal can be said to have felt its feet. Before the matter comes properly under the consideration of His Majesty's faithful Commons, all Ireland will be clamouring for the race, and it is hardly probable that her voice will be raised in vain.

England, having secured the Gordon Bennett Cup race with a Napier, can now claim the honour and glory of the biggest Exhibition of automobiles and their parts and accessories yet held in the history of the industry. The manufacturers of home-built cars, the importing agents of those made abroad, with representative firms of the

numerous allied trades, have filled the Crystal Palace this week to overflowing. Paxton's great crystal roof has looked down on many and varied Exhibitions since it sheltered a world's productions in 1851, but it is a question whether any class of exhibits it has previously protected has been fraught with such presage of change in the world's habits of road-locomotion and goods-transit as those to be seen there to-day. From end to end, above a quarter of a mile, stretch long lines of magnificently produced, self-propelled vehicles, body finished and upholstered to the utmost of taste and comfort. The great space of the Western Transept facing the organ, the huge Concert Hall, together with the Egyptian, Roman, and Greek Courts—from the walls of which Pharaoh and Rameses, Roman Emperors and Greek philosophers, look incongruously down—are crammed with the latest types of "carriages that without horses do go." A tour of inspection of the exhibits as they stand, foreign and British, side by side, will

more than comfort those who may, with some show of reason, have been faint-hearted as to the figure English constructors would make in close comparison with their foreign rivals. These may, indeed, take heart of grace, for in no way do the home cars suffer. Napier, Humber, Wilson and Pilcher, Maudslay, Wolseley, or John Marston, to quote a part, may place their cars alongside the cream of foreign production and suffer little or nothing by the comparison. The Crystal Palace Exhibition, immense as it is, is no reproach to the long-time law-bound and prejudice-restrained British manufacturer.

Unless motorists are properly clothed in cold weather they run great risk of catching severe chill.

The ordinary overcoat, no matter how thick, is no protection. The wind goes through it and the garments beneath it as though they were sieves, and strikes upon the rider's skin in a most uncomfortable and dangerous manner. Motoring-coats should be made of very closely woven material and lined with a lining impervious to wind. The best protection against the chilly blast is a properly built overcoat, made double-breasted, with deep collar, and provided with wind-cuffs, worn over a leather coat. Nothing will penetrate this combination. Easy-fitting lace-up boots, Stohwasser leggings, and a leather rug will protect the motorist against any degree of cold. A deep-peaked form of Staff-cap in cloth, with down-folding curtain to come well over the ears and the side of the head, with easy-fitting, well-lined, gauntlet-gloves, will complete the anti-weather kit. Good goggles must be worn on fast cars. The impingement of the cold air on the cornea is a fruitful source of neuralgia.

Mdlle. de la Pougy is an ardent automobilist and may often be seen driving in the Bois de Boulogne in her electric victoria. When in London, a month or two back, she used a car (seen in the illustration) built by the City and Suburban Electric Carriage Company.



Mdlle. Liane de Pougy.

MDLLE. LIANE DE POUGY IN HER ELECTRIC CARRIAGE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY CANDIDATES.

IT is now admitted in sporting circles that the Derby should attract more than average interest this year. Of the best-known animals engaged, Blackwell's pair, Rock Sand and Flotsam, have both wintered well, and Sir James Miller has several times been down to Newmarket of late to see the first-named gallop. He is very likely to develop into a stayer. If he does, he should go very close. Dan Maher,

Izaak Walton wrote his famous treatise on the gentle art, he would have been much surprised had he learnt that the day would come when the most enthusiastic of anglers and fishermen would be a reigning Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness is an enthusiastic follower of this most peaceable sport, and before he had so many important duties to perform as he now has he often found time to spend a few delightful days in Scotland at this season of the year. Your keen fisherman prefers winter fishing to the autumn form of the same sport, and during the last fortnight many well-known people have enjoyed excellent sport on the Tay and on the Dee.



The Duchess of Newcastle.

THE COTTESMORE HUNT.

I know, thinks he will win. On the other hand, Flotsam, owned by Sir D. Cooper, has been backed down to 13 to 2 by somebody who evidently is of the opinion that Flotsam is the better of Blackwell's two. The French candidate, Vinicius, will have to be reckoned with. M. E. Blanc is very fond of running horses in England, and he is one of the best judges of the thoroughbred in France. It will be remembered, M. Blanc entered into an arrangement with J. Reiff for the latter to ride his horses in 1903, but it remains to be seen whether Reiff gets a permit or not. R. Marsh, who, I am very glad to hear, is getting over his serious illness, has two useful Derby candidates under his charge. Rabelais is owned by Mr. Arthur James, the gentleman who is to succeed Lord Falmouth as a Steward of the Jockey Club. The colt should never have been beaten as a two-year-old, and he should run well in the classics this season. Marsh's other candidate is Mead, the property of His Majesty the King. Mead was one of the finest two-year-olds of 1902. His form was a bit erratic, but, unless I am sadly mistaken, he will develop into a stayer and a goer. I could not fancy Greatorex for the Derby, and, unless John Porter has a better animal in his stables, the master of Kingsclere is not likely to capture at Epsom this year. William Rufus is said to be Gilbert's best, but I think Baroness La Flèche will run for the Derby. If she does, she should be the danger to Mead, who I take to be quite the equal of his noble sire, Persimmon.

CAPTAIN COE.

EARLY SPRING ON THE DEE.

Now is the time for the enthusiastic Southern fisherman to turn his eyes longingly to the Far North, for salmon-fishing has opened on the Dee and other great Scottish fishing-rivers. When

THE COTTESMORE.

This famous pack of foxhounds dates back to 1732; at any rate, in Thomas Noel's "Book of Hounds," published in that year, occurs the first printed record. The pack remained the property of the Noel family for more than half a century, when Sir William Lowther (the first Earl of Lonsdale) purchased it and hunted the country for some four years. In 1802 Sir Gilbert Heathcote became Master and retained the office till 1806, when the Earl of Lonsdale again assumed the reins and held them for a period of thirty-six years. Since then there have been some half a score other Masters, including two Earls of Lonsdale, the present head being Mr. E. Hanbury, of Braunston, Oakham. The territory lies in Leicestershire and Rutland, extending about eighteen miles north to south and twenty-two miles east to west. Fences and walls of all kinds abound in the country hunted, and to stay with the hounds the best horse bred is required for the Leicestershire and Oakham district, and a stout one with short legs for the eastern side. Oakham, Melton, Stamford, and Uppingham are the best centres for those who wish to hunt with the

Cottesmore. The Hunt Ball took place at Oakham on Wednesday of last week, and proved such a success that the event will, no doubt, become an annual one. The room was beautifully decorated in green and white, flowers were in profusion, and at the back of the stage, behind the band-stand, was the raised monogram "C. H." in gold on a green ground. More than four hundred tickets had been taken, and the company included members of most of the county families and numerous followers of the Hunt, who, the dance-programme being a long one, footed it gaily till well into the morning.



SALMON-FISHING IN THE DEE, NEAR ABERGELDIE CASTLE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A SERIES of essays on "Deserted London" might make useful copy for the nowadays journalist hard put to it for topical topics.

Never since its Plague days has the old city been so shunned of its lawful inhabitants. The week-end exodus, which began with merchants of mark and butterflies of Belgravia, has worked down to the shop-keeping classes, while even your foreman mechanic or master sweep knows what it feels like to Saturday and Sunday at Margate or Southend. "Autre temps, autre mœurs," indeed. What our country cousins still fly to when a prolonged circling the zodiac at home becomes downright unendurable, we Metropolitans turn from with relief, not to say rapture, all the more if longer absences permit a

All the "Diplomatics" are entertaining particularly well this season, and the artistic set is again most strongly in evidence. Princess San Faustino's ball on the 22nd was the opening event of the Carnival season, at which everybody figured forth—Mrs. Crawshaw, Miss Emma Eames (Mrs. Julian Story), Miss Kemp, Miss Broadwood, and all "the set."

Rumours of marriages that may or may not be are multiplied this season. Amongst the many, Lord Rosebery's name has once more been coupled with a widow, this time an attractive and well-bestowed American. No doubt, if these busy figuratives became fact, this ex-Premier and man of great promise would take his honeymoon at



GREY CLOTH, VELVET, AND WHITE APPLIQUE.



BLACK CRÊPE-DE-CHINE AND CHENILLE.

[Copyright.]

taste of sunlit lands lying South, where butterflies flit in February, and even winter is steeped in gracious warmth. Florence, once the abode of dilettante art-lovers only, as far as this island is concerned, now accounts for a very sufficient Society of its own, and the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere and their charming daughter is an appreciable acquisition.

An afternoon dance given at their beautiful villa last week assembled all that is of *Le Monde*, and pleasant Friday fixtures at the Villa Trollope also assemble cosmopolitan dancers in force. Wintering in Rome spells prolonged ecstasy for the fortunate many who now bestow themselves thither, judging from the breathless folios one receives from much-enjoying girl friends. Dances, dinners, receptions, musical teas, the Opera, and, crowning all, the Roman fox-hunt, join in a delightful whirligig of fun and frolic for the social elect.

Capri, where he owns the famous villa which, like Mentmore, is all ready and awaiting a mistress.

On the Riviera, frocks and frills are infinitely in the ascendant, and I could not one but a dozen pages unfold of the developments which Madame Fashion has evolved during the past few weeks, but the stereotyped descriptions of this quick-change deity as she is made to appear in the weekly journals devoted to her details seem to me only less wearisome than the inadequate recital of a play one has seen or the unsatisfying summing up of a book one has been through. Still, a few essentials of forthcoming facts are useful information with which to be forearmed, and it may therefore be set down as a regrettable fact that 1830 still promises to wield its ungainly influence over "the sweet o' the year."

Lace is the redeeming feature of this unconscionable clinging to an ugly and unornamental period. The long lace *écharpes* which covered

our great-aunts' sloping shoulders are in for a strong revival, our skirts are to be once more skimped, our vanishing shoulders will again emulate the champagne-bottle, waists will grow shorter, ear-rings longer, and a general recrudescence towards the period indicated will be exploited. But in these later days women can adapt themselves gracefully and with becomingness to the quaintest departures, and I dare say we shall all be admired and admiring when we meet in the Park next June coifed and garbed *à la* seventy-three years ago.

Little wreathlets of roses and other small blooms, buds, or berries continue to dominate the coiffure, which remains low, but in a mitigated and more puffed-out form. Cloudy aigrettes or pompons of tulle are, to my idea, even more becoming; and diamonds seem for the moment eclipsed during the reign of this airy-fairy nothingness in the coiffure. Some of the newest evening-bodices for spring are cut long and pointed. What a departure this will be from the circular waist-line which we have clung to for so long! A pointed bodice must, or should, be balanced by wide-pleated or panniered hips. One detail of a particular period leads in natural sequence to another, and the revival of the pert, dainty style which prevailed when Watteau drew his shepherdesses would be a not unwelcome change from the expressly unbeautiful modes that have prevailed so long.

Stoles of lace and accordion-pleated chiffon intermixed with leaves and silk flowers are a favourite fashion with the evening toilette, as French dressmakers call it, and are extensively worn at such places as Monte Carlo, where the Casino gives opportunity for the greater exploitation of one's wardrobe. Hats *en suite* are being made up by the smart milliners also, and the combination is, doubtless, one that will find its way over here for summer garden-parties and other rural revelries. A hat of pink tulle and ivy-leaves, with aigrettes of pink moss-rose buds, was admirably borne out, for instance, by a stole of pink tulle covered with tiny ivy-leaves and fringes of moss buds. Another stole and chapeau *en suite* were in silk Neapolitan violets and myrtle-leaves. The conceit is such a pretty one it is very likely to catch on.

While speaking of summer and sunshine, one is apt to lose sight of intervening unpleasantnesses, however, which focus themselves climatically in east winds, chapped hands, and other occasional incidents of even a Southern climate. To alleviate such minor miseries, applications of "Lait Larola" are here philanthropically suggested. This preparation, which is an improved version of our old friend Beetham's Cucumber and Glycerine, makes light of the very real discomfort we of the British Isles suffer from withering east winds, and induces a soft and philosophical state of skin and temper alike. "Lait Larola," to quote the usual formula, can be had of all chemists.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

QUERULOUS.—Your letter is infinitely candid indeed. How can one pour balm into this wound, though? A most prosaic but practical remedy, as far as general health is concerned, will be found in the constant use of "Plasmon," to whose virtues the British public is now awakening. Try it for three months; and, as to the rest, invoke all your reserves of common sense.

SYBIL.

A GREAT SILVER SALE.

FOLLOWING the prevailing tendency towards enlargement, combination, and consolidation, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, and Messrs. Mappin Brothers, both enjoying a reputation that without exaggeration may be called world-wide, decided recently to join forces, and without question the public will be the gainers. The first practical outcome of the amalgamation is proof of this, taking, as it does, the form of a very large sale of silver ware and electro-plated ware of the finest quality at very heavy reductions in price, the sale being entered upon for purely business-like reasons, in order that the combined firms may have every opportunity of offering the public all that is latest and best and most up-to-date in their joint productions. Some idea of the extent of this great silver sale may be gathered from the fact that it will proceed for some weeks simultaneously at all of the four establishments of the combined firms, namely, in the case of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, at their West-End establishment, 158-162, Oxford Street, W., and their City house, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and in that of Messrs. Mappin Brothers, at their West-End house, 220, Regent Street, W., and at their City premises, 66, Cheapside, E.C.

During the sale every kind of silver and electro-plate, whether for the table or toilet, the whole range of fanciful artistic silver for decorative purposes, in the form of vases, claret-jugs, tea services, coffee services, centrepieces, dessert services, and all the thousand-and-one things which beautify and add to the charm and comfort of our houses, will be offered on terms low enough to attract all who appreciate articles of the finest quality at bargain prices.

There is something singularly appropriate in the amalgamation of these two famous business-houses. The original firm was that of Messrs. J. Mappin and Brothers, established as far back as the year 1810, and both the firms which have now amalgamated practically sprang from the same source, although it happened that they worked independently for more than half-a-century. Both were pioneers of the movement which they have always adhered to, by which they supply the public direct from their manufacturers, and both have large factories at Sheffield, which will now be under single control; and

thus both Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, and Messrs. Mappin Brothers assume a direct responsibility for the quality of their productions, which have in each case consistently been of the highest class.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, who have branches at Johannesburg, Nice, and Aix-les-Bains, Cairo, Alexandria, Rangoon, Jamaica, and other places abroad, have built up steadily, through several generations, a universal reputation for every description of table cutlery and silver and plated table equipments, decorative table-ware, etc.; they have also been the manufacturers of innumerable pieces of notable presentation plate, including many caskets presented to Royalty, heroes, great statesmen and official personages, while challenge shields, regimental trophies, &c., have been executed by them in large numbers and with uniform success. These trophies, in particular, have been almost invariably modelled and produced at their London factory, Winsley Works, Oxford Street, W., where, in 1886, they transplanted what was at that period the finest business in the world for this class of work, namely, that of Messrs. Stephen Smith, then of Covent Garden. The latter firm was established as long ago as 1780, and when taken over by Messrs. Mappin and Webb possessed a collection of models which included statuettes of almost every regiment in the British Army.

It is interesting to know that very many of the men who worked for Messrs. Stephen Smith are still in the employ of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, and may be reckoned among the finest craftsmen in the country. In this factory, too, Messrs. Mappin and Webb possess the notable advantage of being able to invite their customers to inspect the work in its various stages—in clay, plaster, and silver—and so ensure that perfect accuracy of detail for which they have always been noted. Their commercial goods have been made at their "Royal" Works, Sheffield, which for many years have been the largest in that town. Messrs. Mappin Brothers also possess a very extensive factory at Sheffield, and the combination of these two huge works, where many hundreds of hands are employed, cannot fail to benefit both the amalgamating firms and the customers whom they supply. Both firms are holders of many Royal Warrants, and their name, as I have said, is a guarantee for everything that leaves their premises.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announce that for the Folkestone Steeplechases next Monday (9th inst.) special trains will be run from Charing Cross, Waterloo, London Bridge, and other stations on their line. A Club train will leave Charing Cross at 11.35 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, by which the day return fare will be eight shillings. Special trains will also be run to London and principal stations after the races.

"The *Era* Annual" is always welcome. Mr. Edward Ledger knows his public so well that he always provides the fare most suitable to their taste, and thus, in addition to the calendar, lists of new plays produced in England, France, and Germany, and much other useful information, there are short but interesting stories and poems furnished by almost all our leading dramatists, actors, and actresses. It would be invidious to mention names: playgoers should get "The *Era* Annual" and judge its contents for themselves. Each story and poem is illustrated with an excellent photograph of its author.

"Hazell's Annual for 1903" made its appearance rather later than usual, owing to the proprietors of this invaluable book of reference having decided to include a complete record of the events of 1902, including the Education Act, the Metropolis Water Act, and other matters considered and transacted in the prolonged Session of Parliament. It is useless to attempt even a short summary of the masterly yet succinct articles in this indispensable work; suffice it to say that "Hazell's" is better than ever, and those who seek information on any matter of public interest at home or abroad cannot do better than consult its pages. New maps of China, South Africa, the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, Panama Canal, Somaliland, and Arabia and the Persian Gulf have been added to the issue, which is thoroughly up-to-date in the best sense and will prove of great service to all classes.

Mr. Leonard Borwick, who has just given a recital at the St. James's Hall, proves once more that his delightfully airy talent belongs to the world of the best sort of art. It is, of course, well known that in Schumann's work Mr. Borwick has few competitors on the poetical side of their renderings; that he seems, in a word, to understand Schumann from the "under-side of things," and to play him with that sadly convinced yet half-assured conviction which, perhaps, is the chief quality of Schumann's best and most impressive work. Take, for example, the "Kreisleriana," a work the gloom of which is eternally lightened by a sort of vital and golden thread of thought; yet the thought is always gentle, and in the combination Mr. Borwick shines peculiarly when he sets forth upon its interpretation. One learns more and more by experience that music has such various interpretations involved in its renderings that to encounter now and then a new sort of artist really implies the rare adjustment of one's thought to the new kind of realisation. Mr. Leonard Borwick has, indeed, no sensationally new realisation of music, and he has, in fact, sought for his triumphs in quiet and secluded fields of art. Therein lies his best artistic development; he has gained that which he did not seek for; moreover, he did not seek for that which he has gained—a double way (with an unintentional word-play) of stating the same truth.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 10.

ON 'CHANGE.

SOME disappointment was felt at the failure of the Bank to reduce the rate, but the return showed continued improvement, and a reduction must be a mere matter of time. In the Mining Markets the most notable feature is the continued absence of any considerable support from the general public, despite the professional efforts to galvanise first one and then another corner into activity. At the



LANCKON ESTATE, BRITISH NORTH BORNEO: COOLIES CARRYING TOBACCO BALES.

moment of writing, it is the Jungle that is showing signs of life; but, as in the other cases, "The Man in the Street" keeps obstinately aloof, and it is pretty safe to say that the boomlet will have to go the way of the others, although, for the moment, many of the disgusted Kafir jobbers are joining in the fray, and have migrated from their own market to the jungle in the hope of picking up an odd difference or two.

Some disappointment has been caused in the Westralian Circus by the collapse of the big amalgamation scheme, which was definitely announced as having been arranged, and we cannot think that the Oroya circular is a satisfactory explanation of what is little short of a scandal. After a joint meeting of delegations from the three Boards at which terms were arranged, the Oroya full Board, having got further advice from their experts, refused to ratify the action of their delegates, unless modifications in the Company's favour were made by the other contracting parties, who very naturally refused to go back on what had been publicly announced as a concluded deal. It is this sort of thing which brings Westralian Mining methods into bad odour and does so much to keep the public out of the Mining Markets.

The statement of the Chairman of the Metropolitan Railway Company as to the electrification of the line and the prospect of the new system coming into operation during the current year was generally considered satisfactory, and the market, while doubtful, at least hopes that Mr. Mellor's sanguine prophecies as to next November may be carried out.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Stroller was telephoning from the 'Travellers' Club, asking his broker to lunch with him.

"I am awfully sorry, but I really cannot get away for more than half-an-hour," came the reply. "Won't you come down here and have a chop with me?"

So our friend jumped into a hansom, and it was not long before the two men were shaking hands.

"What a crowd there is outside!" The Stroller exclaimed. "I wonder they don't try to get into the House, out of this rain."

The broker laughed. "Would you like to go in?"

"A capital idea! I wanted a slight sensation, and I certainly got one the last time I went through the Stock Exchange. Lead on, Macduff!"

In a minute or two, The Stroller was closely approximate to the average House-member. "Come on," beckoned the broker.

Just to show his easy confidence, The Stroller ran up the steps three at a time, and almost knocked down the Stock Exchange waiter standing at the top of the flight.

"Beg your pardon, sir," apologised the innocent waiter, picking up his hat, and glaring at the coat-tails of our friend as they whisked into the House.

The broker plunged through the Foreign Market and made a slight deviation to the left. The Rhodesian bench chanced to be fairly empty, and the twain sat down.

Now did The Stroller listen with all his ears.

"—call o' more till midnight!" one individual was shouting with all the might of lusty lungs.

"Barneys ought to be worth more than Johnnies, any day," said one man, turning away from the noise.

"But the Johnny Company pays a dividend and the Barney doesn't," urged another.

"I know. In the long run, though, you will see the situation right-about-turned, and I'd rather have Barneys myself. I think—Anything to do, old man?" and he caught a broker by the arm.

From the back of the bench came a lively argument as to the merits of Mexican Rails.

"I tell you Mex. Firsts are in for a five per cent. rise, and don't you forget it!" came from a fiery-looking little man. "And you can stuff your clients into them with impunity. At a half buy Firsts! Buy a *Thou*. at a half!"

"Let's get out of his way," said the broker, as he turned to our Stroller. "Come over here," and he bore off obliquely to the right.

"At sixpence you can have 'em," proceeded from the middle of a big crowd. "At sixpence sell Nelsons!" interlarded with—

"At four and a-half buy Nelsons," from a quiet dealer standing close to the seller.

"They tell me Nelsons will go to five pounds before the summer, as safe as houses," The Stroller overheard somebody say, and he listened intently for the answer.

"I should very much doubt it—" After a pause, "My own idea is that people should take their profit on Nelsons while they can get it."

"And turn the money into Bays, eh?"

"On any set-back, most certainly. I don't think there's much doubt about Bays going to fifty before long."

The broker was chatting to a friend. "What ought I to tell my man to do with his New Storage?" he inquired. "The chap has more or less left it to my discretion. Hang them! I wish they'd act on their own views. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him to sell them, my dear boy," returned the dealer, playing with the broker's watch-chain. "The concern is grossly over-capitalised, and a fall in the price of the shares is merely a matter of time."

"Thanks." And the pair moved on. "What d'you think of New Storage?" he again asked, this time on the other side of the market.

"I should sell 'em if they were mine," was the reply he got. "Look at the competition they are subjected to now! Look at—Shut up, you silly ass!" and he kicked the paper ball away in disgust. "Can't you see I'm talking to a broker?"

But the latter had moved on, and now stood with his back to a line of large white boards with names and prices thereon.

"This is the Consol bar," he explained in low tones to his friend. "Over there"—nodding straight across—"is the Westralian Market. Jungle on your far right, Yankees just across the Trunk Market—"

"Take me into the Yankee lot," demanded The Stroller. "Unless I am hindering you," he added, politely.

"Not a bit. This way," and he piloted The Stroller round by the seats where the cries for Trunks came from.

"Here you are. Whatger wanderdo?" cried a well-known character, catching the broker by the arm as he passed. He looked rather intently at The Stroller.

"My new authorised clerk," observed the broker, easily. "Came to introduce him to you."

"How do, old boy? Pleased to meet you. Come to me whenever you want close prices," and he shook hands heartily with the "new clerk."

"Mind your pockets!" a warning voice called out from close at hand.

"You mind yours," was the retaliation. "There is such a thing as running a bull of Eries a bit too long."

"Sold them this morning," the other cheerfully retorted. "Sold all I had and some more on top of them."



LANCKON ESTATE: TWO LIGHTERS LOADED WITH FIRST SHIPMENT OF 1900 CROP.

The broker thought he noticed a waiter watching his friend with a more than casual interest.

"Is this Shorter's Court?" and The Stroller again breathed the open air.

"You very nearly were," laughed his guide, hauling him off to lunch.

IN THE JUNGLE.

Professional though the present animation be in West African shares, there are a good many in the market who confidently affirm that the rise is going much further. It need not, of course, be supposed that we imagine these market utterances carry the weight of the gospels. Our inquiries in the market have been careful, and addressed to those who certainly should be in a position to know the likely trend of events. On what grounds the Jungle has suddenly come to light again, it is about as difficult to set forth correctly as it would be to tell the reasons for the West Australian animation which immediately preceded that now developed by the West African Market. Those who have taken our quiet tips with regard to Gold Coast Amalgamated shares—tips which we have been giving for the last month or six weeks—have had the opportunity for securing excellent profits. Those who have elected to hold on to the shares are, possibly, wise in their generation. While it is not to be expected that the West Africans connected with the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa group will go to the ridiculously inflated values which were touched the year before last, it is likely that a further rise may be in store. Of course, a very great deal of interest centres upon the Wassau crushing, and we may frankly confess our own opinion that too much has already been made of what the Wassau may be expected to do. Therefore, we have little hesitation in advising the bulls of Wassau to secure their profits while they may. In the course of time, they will undoubtedly have the opportunity of getting them back cheaper. The same remark applies more or less to other shares which have had such a sharp rise within the past few days, and accordingly, though we admit the likelihood of a further rise taking place, it is well to face the probability of an early set-back from the remarkably rapid rise witnessed during the last week or so.

ARGENTINE BONDS.

Although some of our very superior contemporaries may smile at the "exotics of the South American Market," investors in Argentine bonds have good reason to be thankful that they were not frightened out of their stocks by the tirades of the *Times*, the Chili war scares, and the other excitements through which bondholders had to pass last year. Occasion has been taken to point out in these columns the advantages which are likely to accrue from speculative investments in Argentine bonds whenever the prices show a tendency to ease off. Particular attention has been bestowed upon the Funding, the Récession, and the Railway Loans, and, despite the substantial improvement that has lately taken place in this department, we have no hesitation in prophesying a still further improvement in values. The splendid traffics being secured by the Argentine Railways and the opening of European ports to the importation of Argentine cattle are as good bull points as could well be asked for by any proprietor interested in the country's securities. For all the gloomy prognostications so interestingly set forward in certain quarters, it appears certain that the revenue will continue to expand, so far as can be seen at present, for several years, and, as things are now, the Government should have no difficulty whatever in meeting its obligations.

Saturday, Jan. 31, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

TORV.—(1) As to the Consols, we cannot advise you to buy more. It is a respectable concern and in the hands of the least objectionable of the Jungle groups. (2) The Syndicate was only registered in November last, and we have heard of nothing to alter the position since then. (3) The Auxiliary is the latest baby of the Goldfields and a fairly promising speculation. Mount Malcolm has been a disappointment; but, on the whole, you had better join the reconstruction.

KYLE.—The three mines are speculative in the extreme. Strattons *might* give a big profit if anything is found, but you are more likely to lose your money. The other two have reasonable chances; but, then, the profit would not be so big if the unlikely happened. The Copper concern does not strike us as a good spec.

P. T. L.—Your letter was answered on the 30th ult.

MAX.—(1) The concern is said to be doing a gigantic business and we should think the Pref. shares a good investment. (2) Breweries we dislike, and any great reduction of the licences of the tied houses—a not improbable event—would greatly reduce profits. (3) Good enough and likely to improve. (4) Said to be a fair industrial in the market, but we have no special information.

D. W. W.—Thank you for your letter. The question of what the Company is making each month depends on how much of the income is applied to development. Perhaps our figures were an under-statement, but they will come out pretty near the mark when all deductions are made. If the shares are earning 20 per cent., they should be worth from 35s. to 40s.

R. W.—You may sleep in peace. There is not any chance of a call and the business of the Bank is of the soundest. Should you still feel nervous, leave your holding to the City Editor of this paper!!!

BARNUM.—The show is, we hear, doing well. Barnum's last balance-sheet was magnificent, and we look on the shares as a promising speculative investment.

NAGE.—(1) We think there is a fair market for Contractors' shares, so instruct a broker; if not, apply to the Secretary at Bush Lane House, E.C. The lake should be drained by the early part of May. (2) See answer to "D. W. W."

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Headache

GIDDINESS and BILIOUSNESS

MRS. E. FAIL, a miner's wife, of GRAVE'S ROW, DUDLEY, interviewed by a *Shields Morning Mail* reporter, said— "Some ten or fifteen years ago I began to be troubled with sick headaches. At first they only came on occasionally, but gradually they got worse, until I had an attack of biliousness nearly every day. The headaches were accompanied by giddiness and a bad taste in the mouth. These attacks naturally interfered with my household duties, for on many days I had to lie in bed all day. Many a morning when I got up and made some tea, I could not bear the sight of it; it looked just like gall. One evening I saw an advertisement in the papers speaking about the good Bile Beans did bilious people, and I determined to send for a box. When they came I took a dose at night before retiring. The next morning I felt a great deal better. I continued taking them, and the effect has been wonderful. I have never had a sick headache since I began to take Bile Beans, and I feel better in general health altogether. My appetite has improved, and I am now always ready for my meals. I have told a number of people of the benefit I derived, and my husband has done the same."



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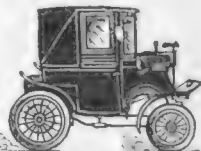
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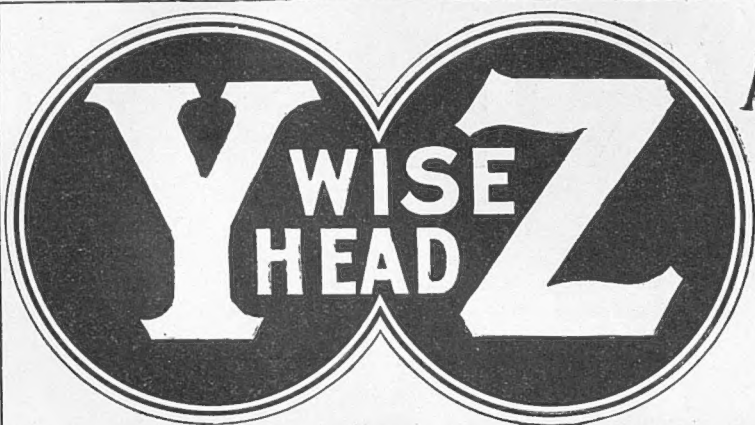
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